THE COMMONWEAL

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DICTATORIAL EDUCATION

EFFORTS to transform the "office of education," which has been an appendage to the work of the Secretary of the Interior since the Civil War, into a full-fledged department are not new, but they remain persistent. The executive committee of the National Education Association has backed them strongly during a good many years, and so-called "private" educational agencies (including, of course, spokesmen for Catholic parochial schools) have been vigorously committed to opposing them. Thus a kind of half-suppressed conflict has arisen. It is at least relatively a very dangerous disagreement. The reasons which underlie it ought, therefore, to be brought out quite frankly and cogently.

We believe they may be divided into two distinct groups. Educational service in the United States is very spotty. Some districts are so far behind the average stage of progress as to endanger seriously our general literacy and civic standards. Even inside the several states there exists a large measure of unevenness. Much of the trouble can be traced to a lack of adequate funds. Neither the power to enforce the law nor the ability to teach can be divorced from the pay check. Accordingly, the thought suggests itself that the federal government should and could come to the aid of backward communities. We think this is, in the main, a sound thought. Education is at least as important to the country as a whole as good roads are; and if Congress legislates to assist in building the second, there is no very impressive reason why it ought not to help the first.

But upon what terms shall such subsidies be granted? Here one gets into a realm of entirely different considerations. Education in the United States has not been merely a question of dollars, but also an affair of contrasted ideologies. Time and time again leading advocates of the federalization of scholastic enterprise have preached a doctrine of uniformity which denies the very possibility of parochial or group education. Indeed, this plea for "democracy in the schools" has often been markedly anti-alien and anti-Catholic. Since the movement for a federal department of education was first formulated in the Smith-Towner Bill, it has been sponsored by southern Masonic publications in a spirit of frank hostility to the Church. More recently the Fellowship Forum, Mr. Franklin Ford's irenic publication, has editorialized in the same vein with great gusto. We are, how-

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ever, of the opinion that such organs do not really believe that federalized education would greatly injure the Catholic cause in the United States. They seek rather to capitalize Catholic opposition to a measure which has a certain popularity and which seems also to imply respect for the national government.

As a matter of fact, this theory conforms not at all with the impulses which have fostered the American spirit. Addressing a recent conference of state superintendents and commissioners of education, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur declared: "In education the danger lies in carrying the idea of organization too far. It is a matter of pride that the peas raised by the farmer can be harvested by machinery and travel all the way to the sealed can without knowing the touch of the human hand. In education, mechanics should not go too far. What the children receive as individuals is the important thing. It would be a great tragedy if all the peas were turned out just alike." And manifestly one basic element in any species of individuality is the impression left by the family, the group and the locale in which one has lived during youth. You cannot galvanize people into one American type. None of our reasonable philosophers has ever believed you could. The desire is just one form of class consciousness, and perhaps the most destructive of all.

We are opposed to super-superintendents, just as we are convinced that all forms of Mussolini-ism are contradictions of Americanism. In its opposition to the educational philosophy we have just outlined, the Catholic mind is not concerned primarily with its own especial losses or gains. It is faithful to a conception of the national ideal which its bishops have advocated from the very beginning and which holds that our government is not the teacher of any given ideology but the guarantor of the rights of all moral creeds and professions of social faith. But the Catholic mind is certainly not opposed to the betterment of education. If a measure of federal authority or federal money can be expended to advantage upon school systems which are not now functioning properly, that measure should be endorsed. But it must be perfectly clear that the aid is offered to the schoolroom and not to a pedagogical idea. We want to foster the children and not some particularly talkative professor.

It cannot be repeated too often that the development of American education is a process far from completed. When, for instance, one realizes that the parochial school is the only one that conserves the old American belief that religion is a fundamental part of every sound educational program, one has grasped a historical fact that is not comforting to any virile Protestant group. And when, on the other hand, one sees that Catholic schools, privately supported through necessity, are conducted at the cost of an astounding sacrifice of men and women, one has seized upon another fact. We hold that the ideal solution has not yet been reached. Whether the truth be widely granted or not, it nevertheless is this: the real goal of education in this country is not to establish some one ideology through the medium of a public school conducted according to a single standard of citizenship, but to develop intelligently, with the aid of society, such schools as will serve each group faithfully. We need coöperation and not monopoly. We seek to arrive at something more compatible with the dignity of freemen than a youth bottle-fed by an intellectualism as thin as it is unacceptable.

WEEK BY WEEK

MR. JAY PIERREPONT MOFFAT, chargé d'affaires ad interim at Berne, has signed papers making the United States a member of the World Court. It is assumed that the Senate will ratify the action and that none of the nations which must agree to the conditions laid down by Washington in 1926 will dissent. Thereby a long and acrimonious debate, which has created antagonistic organizations and well-nigh disrupted placid homes, may be brought to a close. At any rate, one feels that Mr. Stimson's letter of explanation can hardly be attacked in any serious way. It makes the point that in giving its adherence to the World Court the United States is living up to a traditional desire to promote arbitration of international disputes, without making so much as a bow to the League of Nations. Public opinion, anxious to avoid the machinations of Geneva, could easily show that in its original form the protocol of the World Court bristled with snares and traps. Now these have all been so zealously unearthed and so completely destroyed that joining up merely showers the United States "with new rights and privileges," as Mr. Stimson says.

Joining the World Court

AT FIRST it was difficult to see how the Court did not mean the League also, and how adherence to it could fail to hamper the special kind of international doctrine sponsored by the Republican party as a substitute for defeated Wilsonism. But our Secretary of State points out that "the Court took its existence and became effective not by the action of the League, but under a statute and protocol separately signed by over fifty states, not all of whom are League members." All of which means that the legislative and judicial departments of the so-called "international state" have never been firmly joined. As at present amended, the Court is so constituted that the United States need fear no rendering of any advisory opinion on a matter which it considers vital. Accordingly, one reaches the conclusion that what is now functioning as a Permanent Court of International Justice is simply a resurrected and revitalized Hague Tribunal. There are just two important differences. The League of Nations has established a union of European peoples which can do much to safeguard peace through moral

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and economic sanctions. And the United States has joined with other nations in renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. Mr. Stimson properly stresses the second rather than the first, because it happens to be the program of the United States. But though the two remain separate and constitute what may be termed a "dual monarchy of international good-will," it is obvious that both need a codification of international law and a tribunal which is empowered to render decisions in cases where opposition might eventually mean war. On the whole, we consider adherence to the World Court as constituted a sound and goodly diplomatic achievement. What may be said against it must come from supporters of the League idea. The willingness of other powers to respect American wishes is a tribute to the nation's international position and a bid for pacific coöperation.

NEWS of the violent storms which have buffeted England summarizes a heavy toll of lives and property. It is rare, indeed, that shipping confronts so many perils, or that the industry of a country is so badly maimed by the sea. During many days Britain was reduced to its physical dimensions —a little island, hemmed in by waters upon which it was hazardous to venture. Even the Channel was not to be crossed either by sea or by air. For a while at least modern inventiveness was scorned by the elements, and a cosmopolitan people remained as helpless as stormbound vikings of old, adrift in their craft. Thus we have been given another index to the widespread cunning and artificiality upon which our lives repose. Accustomed as we are to rapid transportation facilities, to housing which draws upon community engineering for a host of services, and to devices which interpose mechanics between action and energy, we seldom remember how gradually and laboriously these things were developed. Then suddenly nature cuts through our plans, and while she reigns we are back inside the limitations of our forefathers. Regrettably enough this reversion involves, owing to our trust in inventions, a great deal of tragedy and misfortune.

England and the Sea

NUMEROUS aspects of the outbreak in Haiti are probably not to be understood before a commission investigates the matter thoroughly. It is clear, however, that every repressive act by the marines injures the standing of the United States in Latin America and elsewhere. From a military point of view the recent shooting was necessary, but whether the underlying policy is justifiable remains another question entirely. Those who seek light upon it can do no better than consult the special bulletin prepared and published by the Foreign Policy Association. This summarizes the benefits which have followed occupation, analyzes the present economic and political situation and lists the arguments for and against the existing program. Reading it one finds that governing Haiti is about as simple as operating the stock market. Between Haitian resentment of what is considered Yankee uppishness, and American conviction that all talk of democratic rule on the island is hopelessly utopian, there exists a body of moderate opinion which feels that Haiti is not being prepared for the self-government destined, according to the convention of 1915, to begin in 1936. To quote the words of the bulletin: "If the United States remains in the country until the American officials there are convinced that revolutions will not occur following withdrawal, it is argued that the United States will remain in Haiti indefinitely." This is surely the most important point, but the man who knows what to do about it is far wiser than ourselves. There is comfort in the laconic statement of Mr. Hoover: "If Congress approves, I shall dispatch a commission to Haiti to review and study the matter in an endeavor to arrive at some more definite policy."

Trouble in Haiti

THE reaction to such desperation as was manifest at Auburn last week is necessarily complex. Our first sympathies, of course, are for the family of the dead keeper, and for the wounded guards; our admiration is for the state troopers who braved the fire of the convicts in order to rescue the warden and quell the mutiny. But we cannot join in the hasty condemnation of Warden Jennings, whose situation for the past six months has been about as embarrassing and perilous as a man can be exposed to. He knew the outbreak was coming: "I am sitting on a volcano," he told the Commission of Correction in October. All the circumstances probably responsible for the outbreak in July, unrest, overcrowding, lack of sanitation, boredom—conditions which the Prison Association had two years ago predicted would result in disaster—were still present. The men could not be transferred to other prisons, equally overcrowded. The state, as represented by Warden Jennings, the Commission of Correction and Governor Roosevelt, was actually helpless, because you cannot make up in six months for the negligence of six years. There was talk of revising the Baumes laws, and there were preparations for appropriating $30,000,000 for model prisons. But nothing could be done to avert the impending outbreak. If, as all prison authorities are agreed, it resulted from conditions which cannot be removed for another three or four years, are we not to expect more riots? And can we do anything at all except prepare to check them as soon they begin?

The Prison Disorders

"THIS is going to be a tough prison from now on," Acting Warden Sullivan averred. "The men in this institution have been coddled too much." Our knowledge of conditions at Auburn has been gained from the reports of the Prison Association and the newspapers, it is neither intimate nor profound, and the acting warden's was both. Nevertheless it seems to us

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that his statement is too simplified to serve as an explanation of the riot. Someone has recommended that until the new prisons are built, troops and guards be concentrated at Auburn and Dannemora in such numbers as to impress all prisoners with the futility of attempting to escape. This might have some effect, but it is a mistake to suppose that any show of power will prevent a really desperate man from defying it. Stuff Auburn with guards until they outnumber the prisoners two to one, but so long as it contains men of the temper of the recent mutineers, and so long as conditions there are such as to keep them idle, bored, irritable, deprived of all hope and interest in existence, the chances for another rebellion are great. "We might as well be dead as stay in here," one of the leaders told Warden Jennings. Men who feel like that will attempt the impossible at any opportunity. What the model prisons which New York is to build must be like is for penologists to determine. What they must not be are institutions wherein even the silences are loud with the words which Dante saw above the gates of hell.

THE greater part of the report of the Secretary of Agriculture is very pleasant reading. The movement from farm to city is slowing up, and we are approaching something like stabilization of the rural population; farm values have developed encouraging tendencies, though they have still far to go before reaching the 1914 standard; and the creation of a Farm Board provides an instrument through which we may expect, at least, some effective utilization of the Department's discoveries. So far so good. But the rest of the report is not particularly flattering. Forty percent of our rural population resides on pieces of land either too small or too poor to afford anything like a competent subsistence. We could not well do without their aggregate contribution to agricultural production, yet their rewards are conditions of living so low that they are unable to send their children to school—a privilege supposed to be within the reach of everyone in America. To anyone puzzling over the selection of a Christmas present for Mr. Grundy of Pennsylvania, we recommend a copy of the Secretary's report.

Agriculture in 1929

JANUS was distinguished among the gods for his ability to be two things at the same time. A recent flurry leads one to believe that he has a certain popularity in American ecclesiastical circles. Some time ago the Federal Council of Churches in America organized a commission of motion pictures, at the suggestion of the Reverend Charles Stelze, its publicity man. This commission has now been dissolved, owing (it is alleged) to the discovery that Dr. Stelze was also receiving pay checks from Mr. Will Hays. The detective work was done by the Churchman, an Episcopal weekly, and the resultant discomfort was great indeed. It became apparent that the Los Angeles movie dictator, unlessoned by divers experiences as Republican campaign manager, had let his fingers venture into another hornets' nest. Unwilling to be soft-soaped, various editors and leaders went on to declare that Mr. Carl Milliken, the Hays secretary, had not been appointed to the executive committee of the Federal Council for purely spiritual motives. To date the warfare has resulted in the dismissal of Dr. Stelze, the virtual abandonment of the cinema commission, and a good many remarks. Whatever else the incident may mean, it certainly does manifest the ability of an alert religious journalism to do its own kind of reporting with verve.

Janus and the Churches

MORE and more attention is being given to plans for the future city, and with good reason. Certainly the present rate of skyscraper development without a corresponding development of streets and facilities for traffic movement cannot be kept up much longer. In New York City, for instance, the world's tallest building is nearing completion, and plans for one which will surpass it are already under way. The limit in height has not yet ben indicated, for while it may be impractical to go much beyond a thousand feet, the cost of building higher being out of all proportion to the revenues that may be expected, the advertising value which the world's tallest building always possesses may easily result in skyscrapers several hundred feet higher than any now contemplated. The skyscraper may be the most stately product of modern civilization, but its advantages are not always beyond question in cities where the width of streets was determined long before it became necessary for buildings to rise above five stories.

The City of Tomorrow

NO MORE startling way out of our prohibition troubles has appeared than Mr. Albert Jay Nock proposes in the last number of Harper's Magazine. Terrorism, says Mr. Nock with limpid and disarming candor, or at least the threat of terrorism, is the simple and sufficient remedy against all officialism. It alone would be effective against prohibition, which is merely the virulent attack of officialism from which America happens to be suffering at this moment. It is not enough, says Mr. Nock, in resisting the encroachments of officialism, for people to evade bad laws—laws, that is, opposing "the common conscience of mankind." They must be perpetually ready to make it so hot for the bad lawmakers ultimately responsible that bad laws will not be enforced or repeated. Mr. Nock quotes with approval, in this connection, the political tradition of the European country in which he spends a good deal of his time: easily identifiable as France, though he does not name it. "'When in the course of human events it becomes necessary, etc.'—how many times we have heard these

Liberty through Violence

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noble words! But over here they really believe it and are ready to back up their belief, not only with their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, but with the leg of a chair or whatever first comes handy. . . . The people among whom I live keep themselves continually framed up to hang somebody, no matter whom, from the head of the general government to the policeman on the beat. Officialism is constantly aware of this, and consequently no one is ever hanged." The sad truth, of course, is that this salutary tradition proceeds, not from a general principle, but from the specific French temperament. We Americans are mainly capable of only sporadic or private violence; and it is useless to think we can follow Mr. Nock's prescription, however freely we may accept his diagnosis.

Salubrious Science

WE ARE indebted to the Deerfield Scroll for an account of Professor Warren Greene's address on the constantly engrossing topic, "Is there life elsewhere in the universe?" The eminent Amherst astronomer had obviously been annoyed by various newspaper supplement speculations on our cousins of Mars; and he did not hesitate to describe these flights of imagination as absurd, though they appeal to a public "willing to believe, and wishing to be convinced, that there is life elsewhere in the universe." Life depends upon the presence of water, and that in turn upon temperatures above freezing and below boiling. Atmosphere is likewise essential, and depends upon the planet's bulk. It follows that, though some forms of organic existence are possible on Mars and Venus, the conditions remain quite unfavorable. Evidence justifies the belief that our bright and belligerently titled neighbor is partly covered with vegetation during part of the year, but the bets are ninety-nine to one that no higher forms of life prevail. As for the rest of the universe, our ignorance regarding it is so nearly complete that we can merely observe that life-supporting planets are necessarily as rare as pheasants on Fifth Avenue. We conclude that Professor Greene did an excellent job of debunking, and recommend his admirable address to all the pseudo-representatives of his profession.

Untying the Prosecutor's Hands

OUT of the fiasco which resulted from the trial of George McManus for the Rothstein murder has come a movement for a sound reform in criminal procedure. This would abrogate the rule of evidence which prohibits the district attorney from impeaching his own witnesses when they turn hostile. Of course few people who followed the trial will believe that the state lost its case because of the recalcitrance of those it called to the stand. But it is overwhelmingly true that the prosecutor was seriously hampered by those who contradicted their earlier testimony to the grand jury and their statements to the people's attorneys. Judge Charles C. Nott, jr., who presided at the trial, called attention to the absurdity of a code which obligates a district attorney to abide by the testimony of witnesses he has summoned, in face of a clear demonstration that these same witnesses have no appreciation whatever of an oath binding on conscience. No one questions the advisability of protecting the accused in every way commensurate with justice, but when the laws are drawn so that the hands of its administrators are tied, they defeat the very purpose for which they were enacted. Perjury itself ranks well up in the lists of crimes; when it is practised to circumvent an officer seeking to establish the guilt for a crime, it becomes doubly reprehensible. Punishment for it should not be made a legal impossibility.

In Defense of the Dead

THE reaction in England against what is termed "war realism" will be promptly and, it is probable, justly criticized; but for all of that, one can discern a certain core of right in the movement. The newspapers which are offering cash prizes for stories illustrating "the cockney spirit in the war," and which publish almost daily editorial protests against the current insistence upon certain aspects of the conflict as "indignities to the spirit of our dead," may be mere jingo or anti-Labor sheets working to embarrass the MacDonald government and the cause of peace. But there is room for another sort of protest or assertion which shall be neither political nor militarist, whether these papers are making it or not. When any positive enthusiasm sweeps the mind of humanity, its corresponding condemnations are always more thorough than just. A little more than a decade ago, our own enthusiasm was for war, and we are not very proud now to recall some of the things we said of our foes. Today, in the surge and impetus of the movement toward peace, the repudiation of the war tends to become, in many minds, a repudiation of those who fought the war. It is in order, then, to remind ourselves that they were neither heartless killers nor mindless tools, but the heroes and martyrs we called them when we collectively urged them to enlist, or wept, singly, over their deaths. To do this is not to defend war, but to tell an inspiring truth, and if this is what the English papers are doing, they are right.

Shooting at Mars

WE VIEW with somewhat more than customary alarm the plans of a German professor to fire a rocket at Mars. In the past, it is true, we have expressed some favor for similar attempts to reach our satellite, the moon, and perhaps this new-found prejudice toward interplanetary rockets requires some explanation. Well, the moon, need it be said, is uninhabited, while if there is no good authority for supposing that Mars supports life, neither is there any good authority for supposing that it does not. We, on the whole, are inclined to feel that it does. It is conceivable, at least, that a random rocket of such

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proportions as the German scholar intends might cause the greatest damage and suffering, upon our neighboring planet, without resulting in any advantage to us. Even our curiosity would not be satisfied, for the most powerful of telescopes would be unable to disclose whether or not the rocket reached its goal. In only one way could we know that the Professor's aim had been accurate and his rocket properly designed. That would be if the Martians should return his fire. It is not what one would call a pleasant thought.

BI-NATIONAL PALESTINE

WE ARE inclined to discount recent alarmist despatches from Palestine. It is three months since the outbreak of rioting there—too short a time to effect a basis for conciliation—and it is only natural that the country should be in a state of the greatest unrest. But during these three months we have seen the emphasis passing from a citation of grievances, Jew against Arab, Arab against Jew, and both against England, to an inventory of the safeguards of peace.

Such are the statements attributed to the Arab sympathizer, Mr. Philby, and to the chancelor of the Hebrew University, Dr. Magnes. Mr. Philby suggests that without abrogating the Balfour Declaration, Palestine might operate under a national government, in which each part of the population would have representation according to its numbers, while the rights of minorities, such as the Jews, would be protected by reserving the power of veto to the British High Commissioner. Freedom of immigration would be stipulated according to the capacity of the country, and thus, says Mr. Philby, every reasonable aspiration of Jew and Arab in Palestine would be met, while Great Britain would be relieved of the necessity of maintaining the Declaration by force alone. To this Dr. Magnes assents, declaring that if it means the establishment of a "bi-national government, a Palestinian government, in which the word Palestine includes all three religions equally . . . then I am for it." Bi-nationalism, of course, is being preached from a dozen quarters just now. Even John Haynes Holmes has asked, in his book, Palestine Today and Tomorrow: "Is it impossible to write a constitution in that land which shall create a political balance of power between the two contending interests, which in turn shall give security to both sides, as the American constitution gave security to states small as well as large?"

So far as the Jews are concerned, the events of August ought to have indicated the danger of adopting a more ambitious political policy than this. Moreover, it is up to them to justify the trust of the majority of their Arab neighbors, who refused to participate in anti-Jewish demonstrations, and befriended refugees from the scenes of rioting. As Maurice Samuel writes, in What Happened in Palestine, the sporadic and limited nature of the "uprising" exposed the falsity of the claim that "the Arabs are opposed to the building of the Jewish homeland; and, by implication, it was a confirmation of the already firmly established belief that peace between the Jews and Arabs is more natural than is enmity." Every account of modern Palestine which we have seen stresses the absence of anti-Jewish feeling among the Arabs—is there any good reason why these two peoples should not develop as harmonious and stable a government as the French and English in Canada?

Bi-nationalism would not be an abandonment of any position to which the Jews are entitled to advance. Yet from the criticism which greeted Dr. Magnes's statement in this country it would seem that a considerable number of Jews still look for Jewish nationalism in Palestine. Therefore it is not enough to ask, as Einstein does in the Manchester Guardian, that the "unprecedented reconstructive effort" of the Jewish colonies be guaranteed from interference by a "small clique of agitators, even if they wear the garb of ministers of the Islamic religion." It must be guarded as well from extremists within the ranks of Zion.

SUFFERING THE LITTLE ONES

THE season, with its lists of destitute families and its answering impulses of benevolence, hears more tales than it should of neglected children. Here is an example picked at random from the New York Times: a five-year-old girl, born to parents of high-school age who resented her coming and left her with a charity organization, waits in vain for a foster mother. Such cases, of which there are many, cannot of course be attributed to society. Sometimes they result from the defection of individuals; sometimes they are indicative of that corrosion of family life which is one of the great perils of the age. But there are many aspects of child welfare which impose direct social obligations and even tax the resources of the state. It is of sovereign importance that these should be understood and rightly acted upon.

Once again the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor has issued its annual report. It is crammed with evidence secured through numerous investigations, and with accounts of remedial effort. Though one cannot expect many citizens to read so compact and technical a narrative, one does hope that the problem it discusses will receive wider and more fruitful attention. The question as to whether the federal government should take the lead in support of child welfare was, temporarily at least, answered in the negative when the legislation of 1921 was annulled. But will the states pursue the task diligently, with no loss of energy? The following statement from the Report is not wholly reassuring: "The threat of withdrawal clearly acted as a two-edged sword, stimulating some states to greater expenditures and influencing others to reduce the work if the federal government withdrew. In a third of the cooperating states, the money appropriated is sufficient

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to continue the present activities; in the others, doctors and nurses will have to be dismissed and coöperative arrangements with counties and local communities will have to be curtailed unless the federal government continues to promote the health of mothers and babies through some sharing of the expense involved." As a matter of fact, only fifteen states have voted appropriations equal to those previously expended within their borders. In this list there is just one southern state—North Carolina.

The importance of the situation will be understood when the complexity of the enterprise is visualized. There is, to begin with, the matter of physical health. Few countries in the world show so high a ratio of maternal deaths as does the United States. Statistics for the years 1928 and 1929, as made available in a number of commonwealths, have now been studied. They show that a surprisingly high percentage of the deaths were brought on by induced abortions—a fact which reveals both a low level of personal and social morality and a high degree of ignorance. Quite as interesting, however, are the results of a study of the prenatal care received by nearly two thousand women who died in childbirth. "Almost half of this group," says the report, "had received no prenatal care at all, and more than one-fourth had received very little care. In only eighteen cases did the care received approximate the standards recommended by the Children's Bureau." The benefits of education and advice are obvious. It is not alone a matter of preventing individual tragedies. Social responsibility is deeply involved, and no one can face with equanimity the thought that improvement may be halted owing to a dearth of funds.

For children properly born, adequate provision of many sorts must be made. It seems certain that, to date, Americans have relied too fully upon the twin agencies of education and leisure. To send a child to school and to keep him out of the reach of prematurely exhausting toil are excellent ideals, but they must not be twisted into panaceas. The information regarding juvenile delinquency may, indeed, be misread. There are no figures to show that the world is rapidly turning worse. Alarmist gossip must be taken with a liberal quantity of salt. It is nevertheless true that the number of youngsters haled before magistrates has increased, and that agencies equipped to deal with the evils thus indicated (which often bear a direct relation to local conditions) are progressing all too slowly. The courts are frequently unable to appeal to any group of social workers qualified to reclaim those who have gone astray.

The Report stresses the imperative necessity of "research in causes and in methods of prevention and treatment of delinquency," most of which must be based upon knowledge of varying local conditions. This need has also been discussed in a recent pamphlet by Mr. Edwin J. Cooley, whose probation work in New York City is so well known. "The conditions surrounding the social treatment of crime and criminals are," he declares, "at some points quite as unfavorable as the health situation of fifty years ago." Leadership is missing, the methodology of probation is obsolete, and there is a woful dearth of trustworthy data. From the realm of juvenile delinquency Mr. Cooley derives this pertinent example: "The need of a court clinic for psychiatric and psychological examination of delinquents was widely discussed in the newspapers in connection with the case of Edward Hickman. The omission of adequate mental and emotional diagnosis at a time when preventive measures might have been taken to alter Hickman's conduct, had a direct bearing on the tragic consequence of his subsequent behavior. Los Angeles has, however, profited to the extent that a full-time psychiatrist has now been made available to the juvenile court." It is sincerely to be hoped that comparable improvement will be widely effected.

Delinquency naturally finds its chief opponent in recreational activity. Here much has been accomplished, although the public does not even yet realize the full value of this endeavor. Such admirably conducted and notably successful agencies as the Catholic Boys' Brigade, which is a national organization though it has to date achieved most in New York City, are still hard put to it to find the support required. Generally speaking, the exhaustive study of the needs of children in the United States, as inaugurated and promoted by President Hoover, is certain to result in good. The preliminary work for the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection has already been done, and the object is ultimately to outline a sufficiently comprehensive program. One of the greatest obstacles to advancement is the lack of proper coördination between state and private organizations.

There remains the problem of how to care satisfactorily for children who are either orphans or defectives. Many attempts are under way to supplement existing methods with various scientific expedients. Thus Minnesota has a new law providing for the maintenance of permanent health records of all children of school age, so that the state children's bureau may arrange for the treatment of defective or crippled little ones. The whole matter of dependent children was discussed during the spring of this year by a conference of representatives of state public welfare departments called by Secretary Davis, and it is hoped that similar meetings may be arranged in the future. Meanwhile the disposition to frown upon private institutions or agencies in the name of the state is diminishing. Almost everybody realizes that the work to be done is so vast that all thought of competition must be merged in the earnest desire for coöperation. In many places the Christmas season is a time when Catholic and other religious bodies are urged to give alms for the care of orphans and other needy children. This generosity is symbolic of the constant work and sustained benevolence which the "future of the nation" demands of us all.

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WE AND THE BRITISH

By JOHN CARTER

More than one reason exists for believing that relations between the United States and Great Britain constitute the hub round which international diplomacy is turning. In the following paper Mr. Carter defends this view, showing that social, economic and political events have given the situation a new significance. The treaty of 1815 is out of date. Several major sources of disagreement are discernible. Nevertheless the British and American economic systems are "each complementary to the other, each depends upon the other, each ought to understand the other."—The Editors.

IN THE maintenance and development of mutually advantageous economic relations between the United States and the British commonwealth of nations lies the future prosperity of the greater part of the human race. Over a quarter of humanity owe allegiance to the British crown; nearly 130,000,000 souls are governed from Washington; together, the American and British peoples exert a decisive economic influence over the greater part of the globe. The situation is both simpler and more complex than these facts would indicate. It is simpler because the direction of these masses of men is, for all practical purposes, under the control of the English-speaking races; it is more complex because, of the world's 160,000,000—more or less—English-speaking white peoples, over 95,000,000 are found in the United States, while the balance is distributed among six different British nations. In consequence, the United States is the centre of gravity of the Anglo-Saxon race, while India, with its 300,000,000 people, remains the commercial centre of gravity of the British commonwealth.

Thus it is that British "domestic" policy is concentrated on the defense, exploitation and sea communications of India and the basin of the Indian Ocean, while British "foreign" policy is largely concerned with adjusting the relations of the commonwealth of nations with the United States. In using these expressions, "British" is applied to the entire commonwealth of nations, including the United Kingdom, "domestic" to the inter-imperial relations of the commonwealth, and "foreign" to the non-imperial phase of policy.

From one point of view, this is a new situation so far as the United States is concerned. Our treaty relations with the British are regulated by the old treaty of 1815. This treaty, naturally, did not apply to the British commonwealth, because the commonwealth was not then in existence. Since that treaty was signed, five new self-governing British nations have come into existence—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Irish Free State—while London is now debating the possibility of giving India also the status of a dominion, and similar developments in British East Africa may add a seventh nation. Nevertheless, it so happens that we enjoy commercial treaty relations with British Europe alone.

A new commercial treaty system between the United States and the British nations is one of the outstanding needs of the present age. Whether such a treaty is a multilateral instrument or a set of separate treaties with the individual dominions, something is needed to regularize the existing commercial relations between us and the British. Since the reciprocity proposal of 1911, we have had no prospect of commercial understanding with Canada. Canada now charges us her highest customs duties and may raise them even higher. For eleven years the reciprocity offer remained upon our statute books and Canada declined to take advantage of it. Now that there is prospect of raising the American tariff, the Canadians feel aggrieved, and have debated extending the preference already given to British goods. Here is an urgent need for wise economic statesmanship, farm blocs to the contrary notwithstanding, which will enable the United States to sell goods in Canada on terms as favorable as those enjoyed by other non-British nations, and which will enable the Canadians to find a market for their raw materials in the United States.

In other British dominions the situation is similar, though less important. In Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, there is actual discrimination against us and, because of the absence of treaties, we are unable to protect our natural interests. The question of "imperial preference" here comes on the scene. Shall we admit that it is natural and proper for British countries to extend to each other preferential treatment to the disadvantage of American trade? Under the Fordney tariff of 1922, "imperial preference" is regarded as unfriendly discrimination and the President is authorized to retaliate. The Hawley-Smoot bill removed this provision, indicating that we are ready to deal with the British commonwealth on the basis of recognizing "imperial preference."

From the British point of view this is essential. Of the commonwealth's $9,000,000,000 worth of exports, $1,368,000,000—16 percent—go to the United States, while $3,271,000,000—38 percent—go to other British countries. Forty percent of the exports of the United Kingdom go to British countries, only 6.4 percent to the United States. For Australia, the percentages are 41 and 13 respectively; for Canada, 37 and 39; for New Zealand, 87 and 5; for South Africa, 70 and 2; for India, 28 and 11; for Ceylon, 55 and 24; for Malaya, 23 and 47. Inter-British trade, in other words, with only two exceptions, is the greatest economic interest of the commonwealth. The United States is merely a good third, for the European countries take over 20 percent of all British exports. The

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case for imperial preference rests upon too solid an economic and political basis for the United States to challenge it effectively. Whatever commercial treaty system we adopt with the British nations must take account of this fact and must only propose that we share equally in all favors extended to non-British nations, such, for example, as the advantages which Canada extends to France and those which South Africa has recently given to Germany.

It is, however, in the ordinary business relationships between the Americans and the British that there is most need for readjustment. The American Revolution was more than a political upheaval; it marked a divergence in economic thought between the empire and the republic as serious in its sphere as was the Protestant Reformation and the Catholic Counter-Reformation in the religious sphere. The extravagant productive energies of the Americans were freed from conservative control and careened off into economic space in an undisciplined riot of production and exploitation of natural resources. The same schism reinforced the ultraconservative tendencies of the British people. Deprived of and aghast at the reckless spirit of enterprise which subsequently characterized American economic development, the British tended to hoard their resources and to foster productive monopolies while the Americans were wasting their own resources in unrestrained competition.

The result has been the development of two diametrically opposite systems. The British have maintained a monopolistic view of production, have clung to the system of exclusive concessions for productive enterprise, and have tempered their exclusiveness with freedom of trade. For eighty years, the British clung to free trade; only after the war did the protective system, which already existed in the dominions, extend to the British Isles, with the Safeguarding of Industries Act. At the same time, the United States launched upon a program of reckless production which has deforested a dozen states, is draining away our petroleum resources, and has turned our abundance of coal into a positive curse to those engaged in mining. As an offset to this system of competitive exploitation, we established and have maintained for nearly seventy years a high protective tariff. On the one side, then, stand British monopoly and British free trade; on the other stand American free competition and American protectionism. To discover a formula for readjustment in this field will be difficult.

Yet such a formula is becoming increasingly necessary. The shoe is pinching both feet. Of our $5,000,000,000 of exports, over $2,000,000,000 are to the British nations, and more than half of this goes to countries other than the United Kingdom. Incidents have been multiplying in recent years indicating friction of a sort which might easily become quite serious unless it is dealt with in time. Determined efforts have been made to deprive American stockholders of voting and other rights in British companies. While the British General Electric case was the most dramatic of these incidents, the board of directors having attempted to deny valuable subscription rights to its American shareholders, the case of the Argentine railways is more interesting. The British directors of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway voted, amid cheers, to deny voting rights to shareholders of other than British or Argentine nationality. Rumors had previously been circulated to the effect that American interests were endeavoring to acquire control, and the reason for maintaining British control was alleged to be the desire of the railroad to continue to order supplies from Great Britain, irrespective of expense. Similarly, throughout the British empire, with the exception of a few provinces, exploitation of mineral rights and especially of oil is reserved to British companies, although British companies have been allowed virtually unrestricted rights in the United States. This denial of reciprocity was an essential feature of the "oil war," in which Sir Henri Deterding and the Shell combine fought Standard all over the globe, from the Isthmus of Panama to Russia, Palestine, Iraq and the Dutch East Indies. With the Shell group obtaining the bulk of its production from American wells, the refusal of the British to permit the American companies to operate in British oil fields, and the determined diplomatic support British governments have given to the Shell interests outside the empire, have produced a potentially ugly situation.

Then there has been the question of commercial propaganda. The effort to revive British trade has induced the British to adopt some fairly desperate expedients. The "Buy British Goods" campaign launched by the board of trade, the peregrinations of British statesmen throughout the empire urging the dominions to buy coal and textiles from old England, the "Buy Where You Sell" campaign in South America, culminating in the preferential Anglo-Argentine trade agreements secured by Lord D'Abernon, the agitation against American films as "the silent salesmen" of American goods and the film quota system launched to combat American cinematographic amusement, and the spectacular Beaverbrook campaign for empire free trade and for a high, high tariff against the rest of the world, have more than once come close to being distinctly anti-American in tone and openly prejudicial in method.

Nevertheless, on the basis of rock-bottom economic facts, the United States and the British commonwealth must remain on intimate commercial terms. We cannot get along without the British, who control three-fifths of the world's cocoa production, two-thirds of the world's tea, 99.9 percent of the world's jute, nearly half of the world's wool, nearly three-fifths of the world's rubber, three-fourths of the world's gold and tin, and nine-tenths of the world's nickel. The British must continue to have dealings with us so long as we produce a quarter of the world's silver, a third of the world's aluminum and phosphates, two-fifths of

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the world's lead and zinc, over half of the world's copper, over two-thirds of the world's petroleum, over five-sixths of the world's sulphur, as well as half of the world's cotton and a quarter of the world's wheat.

We must be prepared, however, whenever we regularize this undeniable interdependence, to recognize that the British have several causes for complaint against us. The high American tariff is, in itself, a constant affront to the British belief in the value of free trade, both for themselves and for others. We cannot expect the British to relax their economic exclusiveness in the field of production, if we are not prepared sensibly to modify exclusive policy in the field of trade. Similarly, the reservation of the coastwise trade to vessels of American registry finds no counterpart in British practice. While our ships have the run of British ports, British ships enjoy no comparable privileges in ours. We have even considered reserving the Philippine-American trade to our own ships, and have done so in the case of the Samoan-American trade, notwithstanding previous treaty engagements. Nor have the British forgotten the Panama Canal tolls bill in 1913 or the difficult fight there was before President Wilson secured its repeal, as part and parcel of an understanding on the Mexican situation. Our attempts to promote an American merchant marine, with government assistance, have further exasperated the hard-pressed British shipping interests and have depressed rates to an uneconomic level in many trades.

In the financial field as well, the British feel that they have been hardly used. American foreign investments have risen rapidly, while New York has supplanted London as the centre for certain types of financing. Recent American stock speculation and high rediscount rates have put British exchange under a heavy strain and have drained the British gold reserves. British public opinion has resented the repayment of the $4,500,000,000 war loans which the British government borrowed from the United States government, and has tended to blame the United States both for the heavy taxation which followed the war and for all other financial difficulties which the United Kingdom has experienced since the armistice. This factor in British public opinion has put a severe strain upon friendly financial relations between the two peoples. The war-debt consciousness in Great Britain can only be compared to the Alabama Claims controversy which followed the Civil War, with the irritating difference that the war debts were funded and a schedule of repayments adopted by the free decision of England, five years after the war was over.

On the other hand, close relations have been developed between the Federal Reserve and the Bank of England. The British pound was nursed back to parity with the dollar and gold payments were resumed with the help of American credits. The Federal Reserve cut the rediscount rate to 3.5 percent in 1927, thereby courting the recent disastrous period of speculation, in order to facilitate the export of gold to Great Britain. The two countries have worked hand in glove to restore the gold standard and stabilize the currencies of all the former belligerents. As this is written, word comes that a Japanese credit has been arranged, half in England and half in the United States, to enable Japan to resume gold payments for the first time since the war.

American business and American investments have multiplied throughout the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and generally throughout the empire. American capital is invested in British industries throughout the world. Large sums of British capital shared largely in the profitable call money market on Wall Street, and are snugly invested in American securities. When the stock market went to pieces, the first British reaction was—humanly enough—one of relief that our bloated prosperity had come a tumble, the second and the lasting reaction was one of concern, sympathy and apprehension, as values declined on the London and Montreal exchanges and as it became evident that the Anglo-Saxon world was a financial unit.

To generalize in a field which has hitherto been left well enough alone, the most pressing need in British-American economic relations is the need to realize that there are two distinct systems involved, distinct in theory, distinct in practice. Each of these systems is complementary to the other, each depends upon the other, each ought to understand the other. Adjustments are necessary and will come in time, the most important being a set of new treaty arrangements with the British commonwealth, which will give international sanction to the practice of British imperial preference and which will accord a fair opportunity to American trade. The relaxation of the British monopolistic system is on the way; it will never be entirely abandoned. On the contrary, we will probably adopt some of its essential features in order to protect our remaining resources from indiscriminate and unrestrained exploitation. The British will move away from free trade toward protection and we will, in time, move from protection toward free trade. The bickerings and animosities over war debts, commercial competition, and oil concessions, will die down and new bickerings for different stakes will take their place. Through all and with increasing force, the United States will continue to serve as the geographical centre and the ethnological centre of gravity for the six white nations of the British commonwealth.

And whatever happens, the British commonwealth and the United States will continue to buy each other's goods in increasing quantities just as though neither realized that, according to Communist dogma, they should regard each other as deadly economic enemies. Unfortunately for the hopes of the anti-British alarmists, we are each so essential to the other, we can each inflict such economic injury to the other, our financial life is so linked together, that we really dare not and care not to be anything but economic friends.

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THE PRESENT NEED OF HERMITS

By FRANCES N. S. ALLEN

IF YOU should meet a hermit in the wild-wood when you are driven there by doubt or anguish or perplexity, would you consult him? If you should be speeding rather recklessly along a detour, urged to desperation by some lashing of modern life, and there, under a spreading oak by a purling brook, you should behold a bona fide hermit gathering simples, or at his devotions, or fishing perhaps, would you slam on your brakes instanter and leap from your car? Would you at once recognize him, just as you would recognize the vermilion flash of a gasoline station, as a means of refilling your mind with motive power, of putting into order your damaged running gear? Or would you (a thousand to one you would) speed even a little more quickly past him murmuring to yourself, "Poor fool! He's had a jar too. But his is a mild form of madness. I'm bound for that—or worse—if this pressure keeps up"?

On the above question and its answer there really hangs something more worthy of our consideration than of our scorn. It certainly has a bearing upon the modern mood. We live in the heat and tangle of emergencies, perplexities, problems, temptations—although we do not so entitle them—anxieties, crises, that bend our spirits to the snapping, rub them to the very burning. We consult doctors, psychoanalysts, healers, mediums, nature-fakirs, gymnasts, beauty specialists, dieticians—anything, everything but never a hermit! We make a shrill cry about experts, specialists. We do not even know—nor care to know, except as a picturesque reminiscence—that hermits were experts and specialists.

If we would but turn back the pages of our history books, we should find proof of their entire reliability, of their having been, indeed, just as well established and generally accepted a part of the social scheme in very critical periods of human history as our state departments, with all their bulletins of advice, or our suddenly made up committees of investigation to prevent evils already accomplished and scattered abroad for imitation. In fact, the hermit was superior to the committee or the department as a social reformer or adjuster. He prevented evil in the mass by working on the individual, and making an honest man of him. Look again into your old history books or your book of ballads or your Waverley novels, and see if kings and queens, knights and their ladies, plain warriors and their wives and sweethearts, did not steal away, in crises to ask advice of "the hermit good who lives in the wood." Ask Lancelot and Arthur, ask Guinevere and Iseult, ask Ivanhoe and Rebecca, ask Richard Coeur de Lion, or even the Black Prince, whether or not they believed in the efficacy of hermits as an established social institution!

But, in the first place, the hermit must be genuine, not a nature-fakir or a neurasthenic or a moral coward. The chief thing in the make-up of a hermit is that he shall not make himself. He is one, or he cannot be one. He must go to the wilderness without any grievance against the world, without any bargaining with nature. There can be no compact with the outdoors which shall read: "If you give me back a sound constitution, or a restored faith in humanity, or a well-mended heart, I will give you my undivided time, night and day, and my most respectful attention: and I will write a book about you, and translate you over the radio to the masses."

There is no hysteria about the real hermit, no urge from his own disappointments. He goes to the solitudes not to "find himself" but to find something higher than himself, and so, inevitably, discover his real self, not the self he had hitherto fancied himself! In fact there is no self about him at all. He cuts that out, and he goes a long distance away from the world in order to get a clear view of things. Any hermit will tell you that this explanation of his motives—if they can be called motives—is quite correct. Ask any you may meet in your hiking, as he binds up the wounds of a bleeding knight or meditates

> "On the moss that wholly hides
> The rotted old oak stump."

However, of far more value than any merely human documents as testimonials to the usefulness of hermits is the attitude toward them of the creatures of the wild. Furred and feathered creatures cannot be deceived. They recognize the pure-hearted, wise folk of God. The desert Fathers had for respectful friends and docile servants even hyenas, hippopotami, crocodiles and especially lions. One lion, forever grateful to a hermit for taking a thorn from his paw, became a faithful member of a nearby convent, drawing the water from the River Jordan for the needs of the brethren, and living upon milk and herbs instead of the prey of his unconverted years. And then there were the wild boars and does and stags and buffaloes, and even the little hares—not to mention the birds, from wren to eagle—that loved the hermits of European wilds, and were their associates and helpers. What credentials other than these are needed to prove the reliability of hermits?

The next sign is that they have nothing, that they take nothing with them to the wild. No sterno. No thermos-bottles. The hermit must satisfy himself with what the wild offers. If he wants more, his logic will not hold; he is civilizing the wild, taming the wilderness, defeating his own end. Locusts and wild honey he must find, cress and nuts he must gather

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in thankfulness. Instead of sports clothes, even of khaki, he must wear skins; and a pure stream, a mossy stump, a tree on which to bind his device and under which to find shelter, must determine his abode. There he must set up in the business of being a hermit. And very soon he must grow wise in the healing things of the woods and fields, and transplant them close to his spring and tree, so that he will have ready at hand the balm that soothes, the camomile that cools, the boneset that braces and revives, the taragon that seasons. As well, he must have something of a garden of sweet and beauty, to furnish garlands for his shrine, and for solace to certain travelers whose deadly ills are not bodily. This garden, too, he will gather in from the wild gardens of the woods, and persuade into further loveliness. And for protection against the chill of winter and the summer storms, he must content himself—nay rejoice himself—with the stout bark of oak and birch and maple, with poles of the pine, and a roof of cunningly wrought thatch, all making a fragrant and comfortable shelter sufficient for him and for any and all guests.

Indeed, it is in this matter of hospitality, with its opportunity for succor and refreshment, that the world should seriously consider the hermit today. Scientists —not to speak of poets—would heartily recommend frequent visits to retreats just so primitive, just so meagre in their creature comforts. Meals of wild duck eggs and cress and nuts and honey commend themselves to the most critical dieticians. A little hunger in a wilderness is better than many a full meal. As yet, perhaps, to most of us, locusts are a taste to be acquired, although centuries ago the Chinese, whose wisdom we are now realizing, were relishing grasshoppers. But then it is precisely the acquiring of a taste for things distasteful to our overfed palates that we most need. And who could be overcareful of his preferences at the sylvan meal in the midst of converse so simple and so delightsome, upon subjects not other-worldly, but unworldly and without bitterness, while the glowworms replaced electric bulbs, and mussel shells and leaves and bark were the only dishes to be removed? Truly, after such a banquet, the guests, refreshed with its fulness, might better understand Dante's cry: "And I saw this world in such guise that I smiled at its cheapness."

However, this hospitality, satisfying and illuminating as it is, is by no means the only business of the hermit. It is, to be sure, a direct means to another end —the dispensing of common sense. Common sense is the more popular name for wisdom. It is wisdom reduced to everyday human terms. And wisdom comes direct from God. The hermit keeps the way between himself and God as clear as is in his power, in order that he may get at wisdom and dispense it, in the form of common sense, to perplexed and unhappy mortals. And here is clearly shown the difference between a fakir and a true hermit. Suppose Merlin, for instance, had been a true hermit instead of a fakir who lived in the greenwood—and who got entangled in the affairs he was expected to untangle. He would have given young Vivian some lessons in common sense that languid spring day; he would have seen to it that Guinevere bore a fine young family to King Arthur, instead of playing with Lancelot's fire; and he might even have so counseled King Arthur that his dynasty would have left no room in Britain for Plantagenet or Tudor or Stuart or even Hanoverian. The Dragon of the great Pendragonship might to this day be on the stationery of the Houses of Parliament!

A hermit lives far enough out of things to get a good perspective on the relations of men to their affairs. So he sees the world more squarely. Then in his solitude nature draws near him fearlessly, and he learns to know her as she is—her stern justice; her sweet yet cruel compassion; her sure, unhurried punctuality; her unrelenting logic. Her standard of living becomes his standard. He takes the sun for his only timepiece. So he learns how to readjust, to interpret, to simplify. Then again, he has certain times of revelation in his solitude—at night, under vast, deep stretches of stars; in faint, rose-grey dawns, liquid with bird notes; in rocking, blanching tempests; in the death of winter, when "the ivy-tod is heavy with snow." At such times as these, what is there between the hermit and reality? In his uplifted hands, he gathers the stars, the dawn, the lightning and the hailstones, the snow and the hoar frost and reads their meaning. This he gives to you!

Always in the very old stories—which are made of the stuff of life itself—the hermit was the refuge. Today we have no refuges whatever from life. We are deprived of all sanctuary. Lancelot, after the tourney of the Jewels, lay wounded in the hermit's cell, and there piteous Elaine found him and tended him, and the hermit understood. To reach a hermit some way, somehow, was always the hope of dying knight or hunted king. In the old border ballads, in Robin Hood, in the Mabinogion, in the contes and fables and the Romans—in all the honest old human annals—the gravest and largest as well as the smallest and most pitiable, questions of living, called the hermit from his simple garden, or from feeding his thrushes or praying on his old oak stump. And he always answered the call.

Thoughts so whimsical as these may perhaps seem like an intrusion into the new and highly efficient field of social service. They are not so intended. Their purpose is rather a desire further to enrich that field by adding to it the garnered wisdom of the ages. The hermits were pioneers in social service work. It is worthwhile for the modern expert, out from his university training, with a degree or two in his pocket and a promising salary piling up in the bank, to look back across the ages and see how Cuthbert on bleak Lindisfarne shaped the destinies of Britain, how Anthony in the desert planted seed still blooming in our civilization today.

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LABOR AND THE CHURCH

By FREDERICK LYNCH

A recent book edited by Professor Jerome Davis summarized the views of several labor leaders regarding religion and so received considerable attention. The Commonweal discussed the book from its own point of view some time ago, and is now glad to welcome the following statement from a non-Catholic clergyman. Dr. Lynch has profited by a great deal of experience in working for social peace. We believe that his conclusion is accurate. The status of religion in the world of economic and social facts is not clear, and there is certainly need for "the cultivation of mutual understanding."—The Editors.

A REAL service has been rendered to the Church by Professor Jerome Davis through the symposium on labor's attitude toward religion recently published by the Macmillan Company under the title: Labor Speaks for Itself on Religion. As a matter of fact the writers express themselves on the church rather more than on religion. Thirty-one labor leaders are represented in the symposium, of whom thirteen are from America, the others from Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Mexico, China, Austria, Australia, Belgium and Japan. Most of the contributors write with great frankness but one is not altogether sure just to what degree they represent their constituency. One cannot help feeling here and there that the writer is very anxious to urge his individual opinions about the church and has forgotten his compatriots. I do not propose to review the book here, but I should like to jot down some impressions I got from reading it which may be of interest to those who are seriously concerned over the relations of the churches and the masses.

My first impression was that most of the labor leaders would think very highly of the church if it were always on their side and always stood behind them in their demands. Most of the criticism of the church, especially that which can be read between the lines, is that it is not always the champion of labor. This is natural, I suppose, but rather misses the point, inasmuch as the church is not supposed to be the champion of any class—capitalists, agriculturists, professional men, workers in industries and business artizans or day laborers. The church is supposed to be the home of all people, and the only time she can take the side of labor is when labor is the victim of some injustice or is working to rid industry of some abuse or is striving for a living wage. Now it is not at all true that all the fights of labor, their combined efforts, their frequent strikes, are after these high things. It is not at all true that in the various industrial disputes labor is always right and capitalism always wrong. Yet one might easily get the impression from many of these labor leaders that labor *is* always right, and that they have no interest in the church because it is not beside labor fighting all her battles. Most of the writers actually believe that the church is on the side of the capitalist, or is often in league with him, or is an association of capitalists rather than of all the people, and so on. Of course nothing is farther from the truth. The average church throughout the country and in Europe tries to be the church of all the people, and generally is. My own experience has been that in most churches the laboring man is as cordially welcomed as the business man, and where he thinks he is not, it is a fancied grievance. Anyhow, one cannot quite get away from the impression that the chief reason these labor leaders have no interest in the church is because it is not a labor church, not part of the union.

The next impression I got was that the labor leaders are either very ignorant of the advanced stand great sections of the church, as well as many of its most eminent leaders, have taken on industrial matters, or they did not like to recognize it. For many years the Federal Council of Churches has been issuing a Labor Sunday message. These messages have often leaned so far to the side of labor that they have been bitterly assailed. Even the last message of a few weeks ago was sharply criticized by one of our finest religious journals on the ground that it implied a recognition of the union and said nothing about the non-union laborer. The Commission on Social Service of the Federal Council has participated in several surveys in mines and mills and when the findings have been published the Council has been accused of going over to the labor group "bag and baggage."

The various national conferences of the churches have come out with some very strong pronouncements on industry, and the criticism has always been that they leaned far toward labor. The National Welfare Conference of the Catholic Church has taken some very advanced stands in its pronouncements—and always in favor of labor. Quite recently the Southern Methodist Churches have expressed themselves very freely on hours, wages, child labor and unhealthful conditions in the southern mills. Of all this there is hardly a mention by these leaders. One would never learn from most of them that the church had ever spoken or worked for that justice for which labor has been striving in the last fifty years. Yet it is a fact that many close observers of industrial changes believe that the churches have done more by their pronouncements and sympathy to win for labor its higher wages, its shorter hours, its improved conditions, its recognition than has labor itself with all its strikes and agitations. And if labor ever achieves that industrial partnership, that share in the running of industry, for which she is now striving, it will largely be by the demands of the churches that she be represented, just as the first claim

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for it came from outstanding churchmen. One is a little surprised that so many labor leaders attack, or at least look with contempt upon, an organization which has been the best friend labor has had.

The next thing one observes is the totally different attitude the Catholic leaders take toward the church from that taken by the Protestants. The average Catholic does not think of the church except in terms of spiritual ministration. The church baptizes, confirms, marries and stands by your bedside when you depart this life. It is largely concerned with sin, forgiveness, judgments, reward and punishment. It is concerned more with one's eternal spiritual welfare than his temporal and material. In the light of all this the Catholic thinks of the church quite apart from the labor movement, as is noticeable at once in reading this symposium. There is little criticism of its attitude toward labor, none of that silly talk about the domination of the church by the capitalist, so to the front in the Protestant critics. There is, on the other hand, constant testimony on the part of the Catholic leaders to the help their church has been to them in sustaining them in times of great crisis. There is also a very strong feeling that the Catholic Church has always been and is today the mother and friend of the working man and that her heart yearns for him. Evidently, so far as one can gather from this symposium, the Catholic leaders and Catholic working-men are as devout and as regular in attendance at church as any other class in the community.

In the articles by the British labor leaders one finds a sharp division of opinion. Arthur Henderson—now in the British Cabinet—is a good Methodist, a lay preacher in that communion and pays fine tribute to the churches for all they have done for labor. He tells us that many of the most influential labor leaders are active religious workers, and that here

> the explanation is to be found of the fact that the spirit of the British trade union movement has its roots firmly embedded in the soil of religion, and that the movement differs in this respect very markedly from similar movements in other parts of the world.

On the other hand, in George Lansbury's chapter—Mr. Lansbury is the most outstanding leader of the Socialist group in the British Labor movement—one finds one of the most violent indictments of the church in the symposium. He insists that the working-men admire Jesus and that Socialism is largely the attempt to apply this teaching to society. But he thinks the churches have departed from Him and His teachings. It is the church's attitude toward war almost more than its condoning of the present economic order that stirs him to wrath. His words on this point are significant because they undoubtedly reflect a rapidly growing feeling among the masses:

> The late war destroyed many hoary-headed lies and vain illusions. Few among us now believe in the "God of Battles." No true follower of the Jesus of history or any of those who accept the teachings of the early Fathers of the church think it possible the Founder of our faith could ever be found driving an airplane in the skies in order to bomb women, children and men, or even flocks and herds, as is done in Mesopotamia and elsewhere in the East, or sailing beneath the sea, launching torpedoes against shiploads of human beings. . . . We all know that victory came to the strongest side—the side with most man-power, money and up-to-date armaments. No Christian can possibly accept the blasphemous notion that it is God's will that man should invent poison gas or spend time and energy inventing the hellish machinery of tanks and caterpillars and all the latest destructive devices of hell itself.
>
> Therefore, men who from 1914 to 1918 saw the churches of all denominations taking part in recruiting, in singing hymns of war and offering prayers to a God of war, revolt against such a travesty of Christ's teaching. Even now, with all the experience of the past thirteen years, the churches do not as an organized body declare against war. There is a feeling among the masses that if war comes again the churches will, as in the past, line up with the devil and forsake their Master and His teachings.

(By the way, why is it that these British labor leaders, Macdonald, Henderson, Snowden, Webb, Clynes and the rest, can write so much more powerful English than our American leaders, exhibit real distinction of style—in other words, write like real statesmen? Perhaps it is the training they have had in statesmanship, perhaps because they are readers of good books.)

The chapters by the Communists and the extreme Socialists exhibit unmitigated scorn of the church, and generally of religion itself. Religion is the enemy of all progress. It is "the opiate of the people." The world would be better off without it. It takes the mind off this world and focuses it on future worlds of which we know nothing. It teaches people to be content with their lot. It is the great buttress of the rich and the bourgeoisie. It talks about the soul instead of the body. It stands for the existing social order. It defends imperialism, war and economic injustice. It has no help for the people in the things that count. Banish it. One of the Communist leaders—Mr. Yaroslavsky, the Secretary of the Central Control Commission of the Soviet government—represents the main contentions of them all:

> The All-union Communist party is the vanguard of the proletariat and leads the workers and peasantry by means of Socialism toward the final victory over the international bourgeoisie. It must of necessity spread anti-religious propaganda, using the principles and methods of Comrade Lenin. . . . The All-union Communist party in the thirteenth article of its program demands of all its members an active anti-religious propaganda. The Communist party does not limit itself to a separation of church and state. The Communist party believes in a planned and conscious social economic activity of all the masses, and this demands a complete extinc-

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> tion of all religious prejudices. The party is striving to break the bonds between the exploiting classes and religious propaganda.

It is a great mistake to think that it is only out of Russia that this determined attack on all forms of religions is coming. The chapter by James P. Thompson, the national organizer of the I. W. W. in America is just as virulent. It ridicules all religion:

> This organization designed to praise God and help Him run the universe is known as the church. The established church has always been on the side of the rich and powerful. . . . Today under capitalism they teach the working class the doctrine of humility: tell them that if they get a slap on one cheek to turn the other—and "blessed are the poor." They tell us to bear the cross and wear the crown, that we will get back in the next world what is stolen from us in this. In other words, they try to chloroform us with stories of heaven while the robbers plunder the world. For this support the ruling classes donate liberally to the church. The organized robbers and organized beggars support each other.

One thing the symposium certainly reveals to us—that labor does not understand the church. Perhaps the church does not understand labor. Perhaps the immediate and most pressing duty is the cultivation of mutual understanding.

THE CARDINAL OF HOLLAND

By FRANCIS J. WAHLEN

FIFTY years ago a young Lombard cleric, Don Achille Ratti, said his first Mass in that curiously mystical Lombard sanctuary on the narrow Corso in Rome on one of the dark days before Christmas—he who now sits upon the apostolic Chair of Saint Peter. And just two months previously it happened that an equally young Hollander, a piously learned Redemptorist, was ordained in his quiet convent at Wittem, in the south of Dutch Limburg—he who now holds the missionary office of Saint Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles.

More remarkable, of course than this coincidence which has brought the golden jubilee of the present Pope and the present Prefect of Propaganda both within the year 1929, was the fact that a Hollander should have been chosen by Pope Pius X to enter the Sacred College. Since the days of the last "foreign" Pope, Adrian VI of Utrecht (1522-1523) a tumultuous and independent Holland had its consciousness of the Church's one and universal commonwealth somewhat dimmed. Its surviving but persecuted Catholics had remained loyal, far more than Motley ever knew. But the nationalistic idea of Luther's Landeskirche and the stern practice, during more than two centuries, of a rigorous Calvinistic establishment, could not but leave some marked effect upon the Dutch mentality generally. The episcopal hierarchy had been reëstablished only in 1853, and the Church in Holland remained much longer under the jurisdiction of the Propaganda. So when the sudden news came from Rome in November, 1911: "Father Van Rossum, C.S.S.R., has been created a Cardinal of the Curia"—Catholics and Protestants alike in Holland were gratified and thrilled.

This learned Dutch Redemptorist had been called to the Eternal City by the far-seeing Pope Leo XIII toward the end of 1895, at the age of 41. After that his star had rapidly risen. In 1896 the Pope named him a Consultor to the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office—one of the most important of all the Roman Congregations. Such matters as defending the Faith and defining heresy are in its care; and whereas the other Congregations are headed by a cardinal, His Holiness himself is the Prefect of the Holy Office. To be called to this most important Congregation as Consultor (Cardinal Van Rossum now is one of its senior Cardinals) means nothing less than to be admitted to the very highest hierarchial councils of the Catholic Church.

The reason why this discreet Dutch Redemptorist received the Roman purple, was given in the memorandum accompanying the official document of the nomination: "Propter immensam scientiam." Such a testimonial in Rome, where men and things are weighed extremely carefully and critically, hall-marked the high quality of Cardinal Van Rossum's mind. Many tracts, learned dissertations, translations of the works of Saint Alphonsus, had come from his pen during the first dozen years of his Roman life. There was his Hexaemeron, a monograph on the six days of creation, receiving much praise, even as his dissertation, De Praedestinatione Christi, after Saint Alphonsus's writings. And all the while he was busy putting order into the somewhat neglected archives of the Holy Office; a big task of which only an insider, like Cardinal Gasquet, could know the very painstaking labor. In between, Father Van Rossum wrote certain scientific treatises which were very favorably received in expert circles. And as a true son of the Ligourian—who never allowed a moment to slip away idly, he was able to finish his De Judicio Sacramentali while gathering discriminatingly his source materials for that strong thesis of his in the work published much later, De Essentia Sacramenti Ordinis.

Cardinal Van Rossum's chief characteristic seems to lie in the truly Catholic and apostolic quality of his soul. He has become the almost symbolical embodiment of his high office at the Propagation of the Faith;

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symbolical especially of the new spirit which undoubtedly has come over the Vatican since the great war, bringing Pope Benedict XV, his Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, and the present Vatican policy. We live in an age of nationalism, and of its necessary antithesis, internationalism—of all sorts. What is a nation? Unity—unity of purpose, effort and ideal. And is it not the first of the four characteristics of that spiritual state, the City of God, as seen magnificently by the Church Father Saint Augustine? That lofty unity of purpose, effort and ideal, Cardinal Van Rossum embodies. He lives it. In the encyclical, Immortale Dei, Pope Leo XIII wrote:

> The Almighty has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, the other over human things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits that are defined by the special object and nature of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, for each a fixed orbit, within which the action of each is brought into play by its own right.

Cardinal Van Rossum belongs to the school of thought of the Pope, Lumen in Coelo. He will revindicate "the heredity of our fathers" from the bondage of Caesarism, in which the modern state-absolutism wishes, wherever possible, to keep the Church subject. Cardinal Van Rossum cannot tolerate this—not in the European and other countries where the Church "in partibus infidelium" remains under his jurisdiction, nor in the world-wide Catholic missions. He has made the absolute liberty of the Church in ecclesiastical affairs the pivot of his tactful policy at the Congregation of the Propaganda.

With the great festival of Augustine approaching I am tempted to compare on one point Cardinal Van Rossum's soul with that of the young rhetor of Thagaste and Carthage. Louis Bertrand, of the French Academy, has admirably shown, in his Saint Augustine, how the tireless bishop of Hippo, as the providential apostle of Catholic unity at one of the most perilous periods of the early Church, drew immense energies out of his early enthusiasm for the majesty of "that marvelous thing, which was the Roman empire." The mere fact of being a citizen of this world empire offered chances and possibilities which only citizens of the fast-changing British empire, or better still, the citizens of the United States, can even approximately realize today.

Cardinal Van Rossum, long since a Roman citizen in every possible sense, for fifteen years a great ruling prince in the world-wide City of God, has fully realized the marvelous growth and strength of the great spiritual commonwealth, evolving on astonishingly modern lines, whose big heart beats at the Vatican City. He has personally experienced the fact that this Christian commonwealth is offering in our days the same chances and possibilities to all men of talent, irrespective of race and national culture, as ever the pagan empire did. Look only at the life of this Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda. The son of a poor wage-earning cooper with a big family, later an orphan, the boy Van Rossum was brought up in the very modest Catholic orphanage of a small provincial town in Holland. He had to climb by sheer exertion and piety to the eminence of learning and administration which he now occupies—the missionary office of Saint Paul, next to the Chair of Saint Peter who holds the Keys. The present grand council of the Church, the Sacred College, indeed, counts among its members many sons of poor fathers. And other apostles of humble birth are by no means unknown in the ecclesiastical history of the United States. The hierarchy of many countries, European and American, shows what chances and possibilities the universal Church holds out to all of her children.

That Catholic and apostolic quality of the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda has engraved its master mark indelibly upon the missionary action of the Church of our time in a quite unique and personal way. The famous mission encyclical, Maximum Illud, appearing at the end of 1919, really gave forth the carefully studied mission program of the Prefect of Propaganda. Pope Benedict XV and his successor both zealously adhered to that program, whose three main objectives may be summed up as follows:

Increase of the number of missionary territories. Almost every copy of the Acta Apostolicae Sedis decrees the erection of some new mission station. It has been stated that from the publication of the mission encyclical in 1919 until the end of 1928, no less than fifty-three new prefectures and forty-seven vicariates have been erected, bringing the number of missionary territories up to 435. Often the Cardinal Prefect's vigorous missionary action has met with the greatest antagonism—open and even brutal at times—of certain governments. So, for instance, France opposed the appointment of an apostolic delegate in China, expecting "that the Congregation of the Propaganda should take good notice of her veto." But the great diplomatic gifts of Cardinal Van Rossum, who could no longer accept France's preposterous claim of being the traditional protector of the Christians in the Orient, outwitted all French maneuvers. In secret Monsignor Costantini received his appointment, and before they knew of it in Paris, the apostolic delegate appeared in his official capacity in China and began the vast work attached to his mission.

The second objective seems to be the training of native missionaries in their own seminaries, and the giving of absolutely equal rights to these, as compared with the foreign missionaries. This was a most urgent, but also very dangerous measure, not to speak of the enormous cost of such a world-wide scheme. The danger, of course, has largely to do with the racial problem; while on the other hand the governments of colonizing nations and European mandatory pow-

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ers, like Great Britain and France, having taken over the old German colonies in Africa and elsewhere, never favored the idea of a native clergy. Yet His Holiness, consecrating personally six Chinese bishops, and nominating Monsignor Hayasaka as bishop of Nagasaki, and Monsignors Roche and De Sonza to sees in British India even, it is presumed, against the advice of Cardinal Bourne, manifests clearly the new Vatican policy, a policy of tactful independence in spiritual matters and untrammeled facilities for the propagation of the Faith. To give further details would not be easy nor prudent: history will very soon show what calamities already have been averted from the Church in China and Japan through the diplomatic but unflinching policy maintained by Cardinal Van Rossum.

The reëstablishment of the hierarchy among the bishops of the Malabar rite, an event of great importance for the Church's position in the near East, must be credited entirely to the unflagging zeal of Cardinal Van Rossum.

The third objective of the missionary action of the Prefect of Propaganda is world-wide organization of the material resources of the movement. Of course every country has, so to speak, its own missionary activities, even its own several Maryknolls. And the allocation of the various revenues from all the missionary aid societies to the various mission territories has always been a delicate matter.

The Cardinal-Prefect of the Propaganda had ruled, long before the appearance of the above-mentioned mission encyclical, that the missions ought not to be considered as a private, national or colonial business; not as a business at all. The opposition was great from many sides. But Cardinal Van Rossum knew how to prevail upon the Holy Father, and the large missionary organizations were transformed into "apostolic" missionary societies having their seat in Rome, the centre of the Catholic world. We know that the fight has not been won even yet—that the central missionary societies do not even yet get all the aid and support they deserve. But their resources are increasing steadily year by year.

Holland, his native country, has just honored Cardinal Van Rossum as she does only her most illustrious sons. In common estimation, the dignity of a man is reckoned by the character of the office he fills or the duties entrusted to him. Judged by this standard, no worldly dignity can compare with that of the priesthood of this Dutch cardinal priest. Saint John Chrysostom has written:

> Speak not of the royal purple, of diadems, of golden vestments; they are but shadows, frailer than the flowers of spring, compared to the power and privileges of the priesthood.

That is Willem Cardinal Van Rossum's glory—to have served faithfully God's people and his Church as priestly mediator, for half a century.

BLISS CARMAN'S SANCTUARY

By PADRAIC COLUM

THERE is an hour in the day when birds fly close to the hedges and are suddenly present in gardens; when flowers are no longer flaunting, and trees are a dim stature; when the noise of insects in the grasses becomes distinct, and men are seen on their homeward way. The mood that belongs to this hour Bliss Carman renders in the unrhymed sonnets of Sanctuary. It is a mood in which living and a dream about life are reconciled. In these last poems of his—

> "We linger on entranced by glowing earth,
> The splendor of the blazoned woods all still,
> The pattern of the everlasting hours . . .
> The lone Designer of Indian Summer smiles."

I have known few poets anywhere, and certainly no poet in America, who had so dedicated himself to the service of poetry as Bliss Carman. I do not mean that he went about showing himself as belonging to that service. He did nothing of the kind. He had too much humor and too much interest in daily happenings to show himself as anything else than a companionable man. But in the struggle which every visionary must have with the world he had no divided heart; quietly, without any argumentation, he took the side opposite to the world's. "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," Wordsworth lamented. Bliss Carman did with the minimum of getting and spending. "Little we see in nature that is ours," that noble lament goes on. Bliss Carman had earned assuredly the right to say these words with less bitterness than most visionaries.

His life had a frugal dignity which was in itself a rare and a fine achievement. The tweeds that he wore had given him long service; they were always carefully pressed and spotless. That wide-brimmed hat he had worn for many seasons; yet there was always something in his attire that corresponded to the gaiety and color of his mind—a bright necktie, a silver chain, a turquoise ornament that some Indian friend had bestowed upon him. He was a tall man, but that exceptional build was contained in a thin integument. He bled easily; he was sensitive over every part of his great frame. However, that irritability that usually goes with the thin skin was no part of his nature. Bliss Carman was above everything else a sweet-natured man. I am sure that no one ever parted from him without saying to himself, "I hope I shall see dear Bliss Carman again."

He was saved from being a solitary by his friendship with Dr. Morris Lee King and Mrs. Mary Perry King—a friendship which indeed gave sanctuary to the poet, and unquestionably added to his length of days. His health was precarious when he came to New Canaan twenty-two years ago. But these last ten years, I have heard him say, found him more robust in health than any time since his early youth. Every morning he would leave his rooms in the village and walk to Sunshine House where Dr. and Mrs. King live; there he would spend the day, writing, reading, walking and dreaming, returning to the village at night. These last poems were written in "the sun room" as part of an uncompleted collection, and reflect the house in which he had so much peace and content, and the garden that the wild creatures were not shut out of; reflect, above all, the beauty and intimacy of the companionship that strengthened and inspirited him.

His ever dear native land, Canada gave him its highest

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honors in his later years. He was born in New Brunswick—New Brunswick which, as his comrade of the old days, Richard Le Gallienne, in his tribute to Carman, reminded us, "when it belonged to France, went by the more charming name of Acadie, or Acadia, immortalized by Longfellow, and as near to Arcady in its romantic natural features as its name. It is a region of glittering lakes, rivers and bays, rocky ravines and great forests, abounding in wild life, a paradise of the adventurous canoeist." This delightful province was always a treasured memory of the poet's.

But his later poetry belongs to New England, to Connecticut, and particularly to "the little valley of the Silvermine." Here he died suddenly on the morrow of a quiet working-day. Then the first young birds were leaving the nests; it was a day on which those who were close to him could say as they thought upon him, a verse of one of his own poems:

"In patience therefore I await
My friend's unchanged benign regard—
Some April when I too shall be
Spilt water from a broken shard."

COMMUNICATIONS

EVOLUTION OF A MODERATE DRINKER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—To some of the implications contained in the article of the Reverend J. Elliot Ross published in The Commonweal in its issue of November 20, I am quite unable to subscribe. For instance: "All the talk about personal liberty leaves me cold. As far as I can see, drink interferes a great deal more with personal liberty than does the Volstead Act." Nor can I force myself into concurrence with his main thesis. It is nevertheless peculiarly relieving to read a paper that treats temperately of intemperance, since of course total abstinence in principle is precisely as intemperate as actual debauchery.

The main difficulty, I think, is to be discovered in the fact that most of us are disposed to emphasize the importance of special instances. We thus circumscribe our globe by the immediate impressions of a particular locality. Certain parts of Chicago were shambles produced by the utter abuse of liquor, hence for the balance of the world there should be no such thing as liquor. I fear that were this viewpoint pressed to its logical conclusion, there would result a sort of universal negative, since it is quite thinkable in our geographic divisions that there may readily be found parts of the world's surface where that which is relatively innocuous for nine-tenths of humanity at large would be utterly deplorable for the remainder. But we will not consider the Turk nor even the casual Mohammedan.

Let us for a moment examine the practice of smoking and coffee-drinking. I have unhappily met with no inconsiderable number of addicts of both. Caffein poisoning is probably one of the most pernicious evils of which man may become the victim. Therapeutically, coffee has a conceded value but as a domestic beverage with which large numbers gratify themselves quite extravagantly, it is a veritable black menace. From its effects I have observed queer mental divagations: intellectual opacity, sluggish reactions, the complete loss of initiative, dour pessimism and overwhelming pathological disturbances making for the sort of life that might be viewed as at its best when ended.

Smoking to excess leads, as is generally recognized, to a host of nervous disorders that obscure the mind, impair the memory, wreck the system and disorganize the entire physical economy. The result, also, is a life which has little to commend its continuance.

In India quinine is indicated and consumed in relatively vast quantities, while in North America its similar employment would speedily invite the visitations of the hospital authorities and the patient's relegation to the psychopathic ward for observation.

Such, in truth, is the viciousness of purely deductive reasoning. The a priori method occupies in scientific investigation its proper place, but syllogisms alone would not advance the world a cubit.

Fundamentally the weakness inherent in all forms of attacks upon intemperance consists in the defiant disregard of the accumulated tendencies of human nature in its evolutionary development; yet it is assuredly with human nature that we are forced to deal.

For centuries our metabolism has been contributed to by certain varieties of chemicals, among which in one form or another are to be found the products of fermentation and of distillation or of both. By their sudden and intemperate abandonment we suffer at once physical and nervous reactions of grave moment. The attempted cure is fare more detrimental than is the condition which it is designed to relieve.

Again, in man's residuum of evolutionary subconscious traditions, there has been abundantly revealed the universal resentment against inhibitions. As a result, witness the utter futility of sumptuary legislation. "Laws which can be broken without any harm to one's neighbor are counted but a laughing-stock, and so far from such laws restraining appetites and lusts of mankind, they rather heighten them; 'nitimur in vetitum semper cupimusque negata.'" Thus wrote Spinoza, nor do I think the truth of these observations of his can be successfully gainsaid.

Obviously, if religion were subjected to the same repression, mankind would be either without creed or, far worse, the subject of a coerced faith. Is it necessary to advert to the tortures of James to Anglicize Ireland, to the inhumanities of Charles to establish the supremacy of the Church of England, to the Puritanism of the Civil Wars leading to the licentiousness of the Restoration or to the piety of the last days of Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon, that were followed by the licentiousness of the Regency? Nor do we need to cap our argument by references to the Inquisition. From all these cruel historic inflictions in the name of religion there may be counted millions more of lives destroyed and miseries created than ever were encompassed by ardent liquor. Are we then to deduce that there should be no Catholic Church, no Church of England and no Calvinistic creed?

What the Church, indeed all churches and all Christian teachers, should struggle to implant for man's betterment is the understanding and practice of temperance.

It would seem that the Church general finds it easier to preach extremes than to counsel means; the latter appear to be too complex. To untie the knot is baffling; cut it then and be done with it.

If it be wine that we should concentrate upon as distinguished from too much of brother's "cherry pie," let us read the lessons of Holy Writ: "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess"; "Drink no longer water but just a little wine for the stomach's sake and thine own infirmities." Dear old Timothy, how well he understood!

JOHN VERNOU BOUVIER, JR.

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Leavenworth, Kan.

TO the Editor:—Praiseworthy is the personal example of Father Ross exhibiting his attitude toward total abstinence. Self-imposed abstinence, however, so fondly wished and encouraged by the Catholic Church, is one thing, and fanatical legal coercion to regulate the habits of free citizens in a matter based neither on a Divine nor a natural law, is another.

Father Ross's argument loses much weight when he says that his family always had fermented and distilled beverages, yet no one ever abused them. There were millions of such families in this country previous to the Volstead Act, and are today. There are millions of such families in European countries that need no Volstead Act.

There has always been a certain percentage of inebriates in the world, even in the Old and the New Testament, becoming charges of the state. Yet in spite of these, Christ changed water into wine, and not wine into water. Did Christ know of the violators of temperance of His day, of our day?

Every good gift of God has been abused by some in the past, and will be abused now and in the future. God gave us reason to use His gifts. The abuse must be minimized, and the abuser punished. Nowhere do we find that the reasonable use of God's gifts is to be forbidden on account of the misuse of them by a small minority.

If the legislative prohibition of certain beverages is logical and justifiable, as well as just, to protect a small minority, then it is logical and equally necessary to have national prohibition of automobiles, medicines, poisons, books, magazines, bathing beaches, dances, songs, theatres, movies and matrimony, as well as countless other items, that a certain class of people are abusing, and always will abuse. Must we punish, and limit the personal and licit habits of 95 percent of free men to redeem the 5 percent of weaklings that will not redeem themselves? According to the logic of some prohibitionists, the state would have as much right to proscribe riches and confiscate wealth to eliminate poverty—a source of much suffering, and very often the only reason for crime—as it has to legislate for abstinence by prohibition.

Cardinal Gibbons, the level-headed churchman and loyal citizen, was emphatically opposed to prohibition as a means of promoting temperance. Prohibition, as we have it now, is causing intemperance in places where before the Volstead Act, temperance was practised, e.g., in our high schools, universities, etc. It would seem that we ought to have national prohibition of prohibition to eliminate the bribery, perjury and unjustifiable homicides corrupting our civil and political manhood (only parenthetically mentioning our womanhood).

In the new annex of the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth near by, are now more than twelve hundred convicts, nearly all dope fiends and victims of the "noble experiment," and more are coming daily into the jails and penitentiaries of the country. With prohibition, we were told, our jails would be empty and crime abolished. All penal institutions are overcrowded, new ones must be built. Sapienti sat. In spite of the Volstead Act and prohibition, the United States government has on a certain occasion (to my personal knowledge) shipped whisky to save the lives of soldiers. I spoke personally to a soldier whose case had been considered hopeless. The nurse, as a last desperate means, gave him a water-glass full of whisky, and the soldier recovered, and is living today —not a drunkard.

Self-imposed abstinence and government control by honest civil service operators, and the instilling of religious principles in early childhood by prudent and conscientious parents and teachers, emphasizing the sin against God and man of all abuses of the gifts of God, will do more good to promote temperance and abstinence not only from intoxicating beverages, but from all other "intoxicating" stimuli of mind and body, such as are now playing havoc with the morals and well-being of the nation.

Sound morality based upon true religion will solve the problem for the state, as well as the individual. In medio stat virtus. Temperance and voluntary abstinence are virtues; prohibition by legal force is a curse. The twin sisters, Justice and Liberty, are in tears.

REV. THEOPHILUS P. SCHWAM.

Paul, Neb.

TO the Editor:—The Reverend J. Elliot Ross, in a contribution to The Commonweal on November 20, prosecuted the case of the moderate drinker, handing down a decision much in disfavor of the defendant. In fact he all but consigned him to utter reprobation. Father Ross as a trained theologian treated the case mainly from the angle of asceticism, buttressing his verdict with favorable quotations from the Sacred Scriptures. Before Father Ross the theologian, therefore, the undersigned ventures to appear as counsel for the defense to plead the case of the moderate drinker, holding for him no brief other than warranted by the attitude and practice of the supreme Authority Himself, the Founder of Christianity, and documented in the pages of the infallible record.

In the Gospel of Saint Mark, chapter VII, verse 15, we read: "There is nothing from without a man that entering into him, can defile him. But the things which come from man, those are the things that defile man. Verse 18: "And He saith to them: So you are also without knowledge? understand you not that everything from without, entering into a man cannot defile him."

The meaning of this passage seems to be abundantly clear, and its application no less so. Christ spoke for all times, persons and circumstances. The terms He used are comprehensive, including, at least not excluding, intoxicating liquor. From this we gather that He did not look upon intoxicants as inherently evil. Prohibition, however, meaning thereby the proscription of liquor as a beverage for all persons, in all places, in any quantity and under all circumstances whatsoever, can justify its sweeping inhibition solely on the ground of liquor's being assumed to be inherently evil. But this conception is diametrically opposed to the doctrine of Christ, and this writer calls upon Father Ross to conciliate the discrepancy.

This attitude toward intoxicants Christ put to practice at the first given opportunity of His public life. We find the incident recorded in the Gospel of Saint John, chapter II. It is too well known to need repetition here. A critical analysis of all the circumstances leads one to infer, without straining logic or becoming irreverent, that some of the wedding guests may have become intoxicated. However, for the purpose of making out a plausible case for the defendant it is not necessary to go to that extent. It suffices to observe that Christ offered the assembled guests the occasion of indulgence to excess. From this action of Christ we deduce the rule of moral conduct which permits one to be to his neighbor the remote and even the proximate occasion of sin for a proportionately grave reason. The reason for Christ's action is stated in verse 11. Catholic moral theology therefore distinguishes between the occasion and the cause of sin, restricting the latter to an act of self-determination on the part of a free agent who is answer-

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able for the consequences. Plainly, Adam and Eve were held accountable on that score in spite of the seduction involved. Prohibition, on the other hand, abolishes this distinction and makes the occasion the cause of the sin of intemperance, and implicitly of other transgressions, sapping thereby a vital and basic principle and ultimately weakening the entire structure of Christian morality. Is Father Ross intending to lend a helping hand to bring about this result?

The locus classicus, however, in defense of the client is contained in the Gospel of Saint Mathew, chapter XI, verse 18: "For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say: He hath a devil." Verse 19: "The Son of Man came eating and drinking and they say: Behold a man that is a glutton and a wine drinker." Christ refrained from adopting for Himself and His followers Saint John the Baptist's austere asceticism, which was perfectly in accord with his mission as the forerunner of the Redeemer and pre-ordained as part of the divine scheme of salvation. But its rigor was for the chosen few and not for the common man. Christ therefore declared Himself a moderate drinker, and by this clear statement forever set the standard of Christian conduct in the matter of drink as one of reasonable moderation. He cared little for the abuse heaped upon Him for His liberal view on the subject, and the Catholic Church still bids her ministers to read to the faithful portions of the Gospel which cannot but be looked upon by every sincere and consistent prohibitionist as subversive law and its enforcement. If the Paulist community prescribes total abstinence as a condition of admission to its limited membership, well and good; it has a right to any sane mode of asceticism peculiarly its own. But to persuade the average man and the general public to adopt such a standard is to prefer the Old Testament asceticism of Saint John to the New Testament freedom granted and practised by Christ. Or is Father Ross in a position to give a different interpretation to Christ's endorsement of moderation in drink?

It is true that Saint Paul declared himself willing to abstain from meat and drink for the sake of his weaker brother. However, a collation of this with other passages (1 Corinthians, III:22; X:31;) reveals that he is intending to give not a command but advice, which by its very nature is purely voluntary in character, restrictive in its application to individuals and temporary in duration. It is with no greater show of probability that the Apostle to the Gentiles and subtle theologian is made out to encourage temperance enforced by the civil law; for such a law prohibiting the use of liquor, a commodity not inherently evil, destroys the very possibility of supernatural merit by totally removing the physical object of the virtuous act. Whatever cannot be abused, the same cannot be used meritoriously—to put it into the form of an aphorism which Father Ross cannot seriously question.

Finally, Father Ross rather impatiently reflects "that persuading individuals to total abstinence is a slow progress." It is that, no doubt, and moreover, in the opinion of the writer, it is one of uncertain success. But the recommendation of a recourse to civil force is the poorest expedient of all. There seem to be certain evils in this world which are better curbed by prudent moderation than by the crusader's zeal for eradication. Clearly the drink evil is one of them. Hark, amid the clamor of the impetuous servants the Master's voice resounds in tones of imperturbable calm: "No, lest perhaps gathering up the cockle you root up the wheat also together with it. Suffer both to grow until the harvest. . . ."

A. WAGNER.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Shakespeare à la Mode

THAT new play-producing group known as the New York Theatre Assembly has had a rather unfortunate time in trying what might have proved an excellent test of New York audiences. Someone in the group conceived the interesting idea of presenting Shakespeare's Measure for Measure in modern dress without, as it were, benefit of author. The play was to have been given anonymously, in the thought that an unprejudiced approach to Shakespeare might take off a bit of the chill generated in the popular mind by his august name.

The group's program note has this to say: "In this imperfect world, the name of Shakespeare is not an 'attraction' to theatregoers at large. Unless one of his plays carries with it the name of a great star, the public, when invited to see a classic, develops a feeling of instinctive withdrawal and acute mental paralysis. Once remove this inhibition and all will enter into the glow, the zest and the passions of characters more vigorous than those in the majority of plays presented on the stage today. The present production of Measure for Measure . . . is not intended to be 'trick' but rather a welcome means of enhancing the vitality of a great play which is curiously apt to the present day."

It was, however, the intention of the group to omit the original title, as well as the author's name, and to substitute, as a blind, the title of The Novice and the Duke. All went well during the early rehearsal. It is even rumored that some of the actors called in to try out for parts went solemnly through the ordeal without in the least suspecting that they were quoting immortal Shakespeare. Then the dark secret slipped out, and the theatrical newspaper world (that part, at least, devoid of humor) rose in wrath at the very thought of the attempted deception. Perhaps it was feared that some unhappy critic entering into the "glow, the zest and the passions" of the occasion, might fail to detect the real author, and thus send an enduring laugh down the ages. At any rate, the all-powerful press had its way, the little jest was spoiled in the making, and save for the new title and the modern dress, Measure for Measure went on the boards with due printed credit to William Shakespeare.

It is hard to say just how audiences might greet this work if stripped of their Shakespeare inhibitions. Rather than seek for unprejudiced opinions from our own day, we might look back to the comments of Dr. Johnson. "The light or comic part," he writes, "is very natural and pleasing; but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labor than elegance." I cannot, for the life of me, see how it can be considered a great play. It has—if you remember the play at all—one point of reasonably modern significance. The Duke of Vienna delegates all his authority for a short period to a hard-shelled reformer, one Angelo. This man proceeds to resurrect all the obsolete blue laws of the city and to enforce them with merciless rigor. He then goes a step farther in modernity by doing an Elmer Gantry—that is, trying to commit himself the very crime for which he is about to hang a certain young man. The rest of the plot, however, is quite in line with Shakespeare's worst—which can be quite bad. There is no unity of mood—the same situations being treated in one scene as stinging farce and satire, and in another as full of tragic seriousness. The prevailing effect is that of improbability, heightened, if anything, by the modern settings and costumes.

If a modern playwright were to split his moods this way,

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he would be roundly trounced by the critics as lacking technique. Tragic and emotional scenes—even when broken by permissible comedy—must be built up to with adequate motivations. They cannot be dumped abruptly into your lap. Elmer Gantry failed dismally as a play for very much this same reason. The satirical mood of one scene did not blend with the supposed seriousness of another. Those who venerate Shakespeare regardless of what he does or says may think it pure impertinence to suggest that only the best of his plays deserve revival—and that the balance may best be enjoyed in the library, where they can be read as sheer poetry and philosophy. Yet the suggestion will, I believe, stand the test of experience. Audiences of today grow restive at plots too scantily motivated, at situations obviously invented as stage tricks, at confusion of moods and purpose. It is not Shakespeare as Shakespeare that gives them "acute mental paralysis," but some portions of Shakespeare in the pitiless light of modern stage conventions.

The Theatre Assembly seems to feel that Measure for Measure has seldom been given because of the prudery of audiences, who resent frank mention of the professional sinner and her trade and associates. This I rather doubt. Certainly the present production emphasizes by much special stage business all the material in question, to the point, one might say, of inviting the publicity of censorship. But in the generation that used a blue pencil more frequently than our own, there would have been but small difficulty in adapting the piece for current tastes if it had been solidly worth the adapting. It is a play with fine scenes—one or two of them intensely dramatic—but not a fine play.

Edgar Bohlman has done some very interesting settings for this modern version, and the adapter, Olga Katzin, has, in her direction, brought the last ounce of vitality out of such scenes as the one in which Claudio is unable to face death, even with his sister's honor at stake. Leonard Mudie as Claudio and Leo G. Carroll as Angelo are both more than competent, though Mudie carries more conviction. Hugh Miller as Lucio adds another brilliant characterization to his long list. He is an artist who deserves a very broad field for his intelligent, sharply finished and persuasive work. Anne Shoemaker as the unhappy Isabella battles bravely to maintain the illusion of real tragic import against the shortcomings of the plot. That part of the experiment which involves the modern dress is far more successful than the Liveright version of Hamlet. Miss Katzin, in her direction, has managed to make modern dress sustain the feeling of a given time and place. The Liveright Hamlet was never more than a Long Island garden party.

The Living Corpse

TOLSTOY'S Living Corpse—more elegantly retitled Redemption as a one-time vehicle for John Barrymore—has come to renewed life on the stage of Miss Le Gallienne's Fourteenth Street theatre. It is a rather heroic thing for Miss Le Gallienne to attempt so soon after the memorable performances given by Reinhardt with Moissi in the leading rôle. Not that Moissi's dulcet mannerisms set any unapproachable standard. But Reinhardt, with his tricks of darkened stage and overhead lighting, manages to inject an atmosphere which has life and meaning on its own account—something which seems to support and conspire with the players until the illusion becomes almost terrifying.

On the side of staging and production, Miss Le Gallienne has overcarefully avoided the least suggestion of Reinhardt. She has been at such pains in this respect that almost every scene which Reinhardt throws to the right of the stage Miss Le Gallienne throws to the left. The result is not always happy. Nor, after the mysterious depths of Reinhardt lighting, is it altogether pleasing to have brilliantly lighted and quite realistic settings—even though they are done by that eminent artist, Aline Bernstein. The staging of the gypsy chorus scene is stiff and without glamour—although so much of the mood of the play and of Fedya's character depends on this scene. Yet—if we are to do the inhuman thing and try to be unprejudiced—there is ample justification for the general concept of Miss Le Gallienne's production. Judged entirely by itself, it is a competent, well-ordered piece of work, lacking brilliancy, but shot through with sincere power.

Unquestionably this play is a test for actors, and Miss Le Gallienne has drawn generously—if not always successfully—on her resources. Jacob Ben Ami is the Fedya. Rather weak and labored in the early scenes, he gradually assumes a greater artistic stature, and by the last third of the play gives a portrait of far more genuine feeling than Moissi's. He even loses his difficult accent—an impediment for which there seems to be no excuse whatever. He has been acting in English for many years now—too many to make further allowances necessary. He either has no musical ear for English intonations or else lacks the impulse to perfect his diction as he should. Josephine Hutchinson is the Lisa. Her work is always appealing, but she does not seem to have very deep reserves when it comes to highly emotional scenes. She lacks the truly tragic note—a note upon which Tolstoy depends utterly for his second-act climax. The character of Victor Karenin is always a bore. He is everything that Fedya is not. But he should have at least the maturity and the pained (almost painful) sincerity which make us understand Lisa's attraction to him. Donald Cameron is unequal to this part and is never much more than a young man in a middle-aged man's make-up and beard. Masha, too, the gypsy, should be a picture of wild beauty and deep understanding—otherwise how can we understand Fedya's reverence for her and the idealistic pinnacle upon which he places her? Rita Romilly is too hard and obvious. Aside from Ben Ami, the most satisfactory members of the large cast are Miss Le Gallienne herself in a delightful bit as Karenin's mother, Alma Kruger as Lisa's mother and Egon Brecher as Ivan. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

Family Affairs

BILLIE BURKE was utterly and persuasively charming as the troubled Mrs. Wheaton in this awkward comedy by Earle Crooker and Lowell Brentano. Beyond that, there is little to be said. The idea—a wife's attempt to reform her family by bringing together her husband's mistress, her son's mistress, her daughter's fiancé, and a pretended lover of her own—is merely a stupid attempt at sophistication which never passes beyond the point of being infantile.

Passing Incident

Swiftly we pass
Without a sign
That we once pledged ourselves
Forever friends;
So beauty ends.

No thanks, I decline
Pressed flowers under glass.

LE BARON COOKE.

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POEMS

The Lesson

I had not known what life might be,
Until death came to talk with me.

But now I know the reason why
The brave, white stars are riding high.

I know why grass wants rain, and how
The eager twigs reach from the bough

To catch the sun, why April spills
Her bright, young laughter down the hills.

My ears are tuned to the strong whir
Of a bird's wings. I feel the stir

Of restless seeds within the earth.
The crying of a child at birth

Smites me with ecstasy. I know
The throb of water's undertow.

I love my pulse beats and swift breath,
Since I have had my talk with death.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

Swan

Ah, what is this that grieves
Autumnally in my breast?
A sparrow that bereaves
An eagle, flying west!

An eagle, unreturning
To heights it has outsoared.
Love is a river yearning
Toward seas it cannot ford.

Ah, surely is this heartache
Of mine a stricken swan
Gliding down the lake
It proudly dies upon!

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

Saint Joseph

Alone at dawn without the cave he stood,
Seeking in vain that night to realize,
And wondered, bowed on staff of olive-wood,
How came it thus? why fell it on this wise?
Shepherds he knew, folk simple, rough, untaught—
What brought those sturdy men to worship there?
And learned seers, and kings with splendor fraught—
Did Mary's Child with them His secret share?

True—of a Virgin's Son the vision spake,
With prophecies of old in strange accord—
Could ox and ass behold that light awake?
A carpenter protect the Christ, his Lord?
At length he sighed, and whispered Mary's prayer,
Nor saw God's altars thronged his joy declare.

ELEANOR SHIPLEY DUCKETT.

Battlefield

A battlefield at evening is
  My mind confused with smoky routs;
And now the victor raises his
  Rent banner amid oaths and shouts;

And now the late defeated finds
  His strength investing the lost plain,
And a shrill trumpet-summons binds
  His scattered regiments again.

Then are both locked for weal and woe
  In this obscure bewildered place.
Foeman or friend slays friend or foe
  Then sets his face upon his face.

He sets his mouth that gapes and twists
  On the dead mouth his sword has torn—
Then, sobbing, smites with his weak fists
  The evil brain where he was born.

LOUIS GOLDING.

To a Swiss Tune

I'd like to keep a shop in Interlaken.
  There'd be a painted cow-bell on the door
To warn me when my customers were coming,
  And all about the clean-swept, pine-soft floor
Would stand carved bears and gnomes and inlaid tables,
  And chairs that, being sat on, play a tune,
While, from the walls, a hundred clock-housed cuckoos
  Would call each ticking hour from noon to noon.
Besides these wares I'd sell mice made of ivory,
  And edelweiss in paper-weights sealed fast,
Narcissi pins, and tiny-peopled chalets,
  And nut bowls that prove musical when passed!

I'd like to keep a shop in Interlaken—
  Above it the calm Jungfrau, and around
Green fields flame-tipped with poppies, daisies, bluets,
  And, everywhere, some happy, tinkling sound!

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

To a Young Girl

She should eat sunlight
She should drink wind—
She has never frowned nor
  Sinned.

She should sing bird songs,
Bathe in still mist,
She who has never been
  Kissed.

She should breathe star-dust,
Moonlight for mirth,
She is too sweet for
  Earth.

HELEN EMMA MARING.

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BOOKS

Modern Italy

A History of Italy, 1871-1915, by Benedetto Croce; translated by Cecilia M. Ady. Oxford: Clarendon Press. $5.00.

CROCE has philosophized about his country and has produced a historical narrative of prime importance. It is far and away the best account now available in English of the national development of Italy from the unification of the country in 1871 to its participation in the world war in 1915. The book in the original Italian has had a prodigious sale at home; the English translation, faithful and idiomatic, deserves wide popularity abroad.

The author is a rare soul. He is both an idealist philosopher and an erudite scholar. He practises, as well as preaches, the difficult art of synthesizing, in fine literary form, the political, economic and intellectual tendencies of his time and place. He is himself a liberal of a confessedly dwindling school—he clings "to the ideal of liberty, not as a barren will to power, but as the power to will, or the moral consciousness"—and he leaves no doubt of his hostility toward the dominant thought and action in present-day Italy. Yet, despite the author's manifest subjectivity, despite some errors of factual detail, the book before us is a singularly convincing interpretation and critique of the evolution of modern Italy, and displays on every page an underlying knowledge of an extremely wide range of very precise data.

Dealing now with politics and now with philosophy, relying alike upon acts of government and expressions of literature, Croce traces with consummate skill the transition from the romantic idealism of the period of Italy's unification to the prosaic positivism and realism of the two decades which followed, and thence to the disillusionment and scepticism which marked the close of the last century and against which the Nietzschean "will to power" of our century, whether extolled by a left-wing Socialist like Mussolini, or by an aesthetic Nationalist like D'Annunzio, has been a protest. Croce does not like positivism; he detests D'Annunzio; the implication is clear that he must deprecate Mussolini. Yet he is no Salvemini; Croce remains in Italy, retains a sweet reasonableness and a sense of humor, and explains remorselessly, almost gaily, how his own ideals have been overborne by historical events, how in the land of Mazzini and Cavour the rise of Mussolini has been rendered possible and, indeed, almost inevitable. Croce's history is actually history, and neither a eulogy nor a diatribe.

Croce is an Italian patriot, a patriot of the liberal, humanitarian, idealistic sort, an avowed foe of jingoism and nationalist strutting. Perhaps, however, there is not in reality such a wide gulf between liberal patriotism and forceful nationalism as is usually imagined. At any rate the present work offers numerous examples of how a liberal patriot, in the ardor of his patriotism, may identify himself with specific developments, the general trend of which in the long run gives aid and comfort to the forceful nationalist. Croce as philosopher recognizes the danger to peace and liberty which inheres in the exalting of force and in its attendant militarism and imperialism—he calls it "Bismarckism"—and declares that "it was repugnant to the Italian spirit." But Croce as patriot seems to be proud of Italy's achievements through force. He praises her increase of armaments and explains that "necessary forces" enabled her to be "less hesitating and more enterprising" in foreign policy. He apologizes for the failure of Italian arms in Abyssinia and rejoices over their success in Tripoli. He excuses the activity of extreme Italian irredentists in the Tyrol as "due to a defect by no means ignoble, to the feelings of pity and humanity which animated Italy." It must be because he is blinded by patriotism that Croce, otherwise so well informed, imputes to Austria and Germany the "intention" of provoking a general European war in July, 1914. With a patriotism that surely rises superior to any misgiving about Fascism, he writes of his fellow-countrymen that they "are still one of the sanest among European nations, the least emotional and morbid in feeling, and with the greatest tendency toward clearness and simplicity of thought."

Of the Catholic Church and of Catholic thought in Italy, the book gives no extended discussion. There is, however, ample indication of the author's views. He looks upon the Papacy as "nothing else than the survivor of the ancient Roman empire, transformed into a spiritual empire," and regards the "internal" settlement of the Roman question, by means of the Law of Guarantees of 1871, as having been "in conformity with the idea of a modern state and with the dignity of Italy." As a patriot and as a liberal, he earnestly upholds the ideal, as well as repeats the phrase, of "a free church in a free state." Nor is his liberalism tinged with offensive anti-clericalism. He condemns the intransigeance of Pius IX, but handsomely characterizes that Pontiff as "the man whom Italians loved in spite of everything, the large-hearted, hot-tempered, profoundly honest man." Though he probably minimizes Catholic influence and certainly overemphasizes the virtue of such "liberals" as Crispi and Giolitti, he scoffs less at "clericals" than at "anti-clericals" and positivists and sceptics. He laments the illiberal sectarianism of Italian Freemasonry and insists that anti-Catholicism was never really popular in Italy and was constantly waning among its political leaders. He repudiates the "atheistic Catholicism" of D'Annunzio, accuses Fogazzaro and the other Modernists of "sensualism," and endorses their condemnation by ecclesiastical authorities. The book as a whole is not written from a Catholic standpoint, but it affords a welcome relief from the bitterly anti-Catholic histories of modern Italy with which we have been too plentifully supplied in the past. And it comes from the pen of probably the most detached and most profound of contemporary Italian thinkers.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

The Fenians

Recollections of an Irish Rebel, by John Devoy. New York: Gaelic American Publishing Company. $5.00.

IN THE grey and gentle days of his age, when for years already he had been the "Old Man" in the affectionate speech of thousands of followers, or the "Seanfhearr" to those who have the Gaelic, John Devoy gave over the active editing of the Gaelic American and found time, before death came last year, to set down his recollections of a long life filled with adventure and toil, endurance and achievement in the high cause of patriotism and the service of his native land. He has written of the great Fenian conspiracy of the 1860's, its inner workings, its leaders, and the reasons why its final military strokes were so feeble—a record invaluable as history and fascinating as adventure. To this, leaping the years, he has added an account, even more valuable historically, of the machinations leading up to the insurrection of 1916, as viewed from the standpoint of the Americans who participated, directly or indirectly, in that insurrection.

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The philosophy of Fenianism was succinctly stated by the organizer of the movement, James Stephens—whom Devoy helped to rescue from Richmond Prison, Dublin—in the concluding words of his speech from the dock: "I deliberately and conscientiously repudiate the existence of that [British] law in Ireland—its right or even its existence in Ireland." John Devoy's favorite justification of the Fenian strategy was always the admission by Gladstone—cited again in these pages—that it was "the intensity of Fenianism" alone which moved him to disestablish the Irish Protestant Church. The Fenian plot was an integral part of that seven-centuried resistance to foreign rule which Augustin Thierry noted as "perhaps the most extraordinary and the greatest example that a people has ever given."

It was only to be expected, therefore, that Fenianism would refuse to melt under the frown of Cardinal Cullen. Repudiation of the Fenian Oath was made a condition for absolution—examination of the oath makes it difficult to understand why. The Archbishop of Tuam, however, and the Bishop of Cloynes, as well as the Jesuits, omitted to promulgate or be guided by the Cardinal's declarations. The total result seems to have been that a few prospective Fenians were lost to the organization and a good many had their confessions postponed. A longer continuance of the struggle might have caused anti-clericalism to take root in Ireland; as it was, no one seems to have lost the Faith, and the Fenian organization was not damaged nor weakened.

It is to be said for Cardinal Cullen that, having been out of Ireland for thirty-five years, and present in Rome during 1848, he honestly believed that the Fenian leaders were allied with the Carbonari; but it is to be said for those leaders that, barring the fact that John O'Leary sometimes missed Mass, they gave in all circumstances and to the ends of their lives, the most exemplary demonstrations of their Catholicism. The case of the renowned "Pagan" O'Leary, who though active was not a leader, is of course a case apart. "The Pagan" claimed to believe that the fine barbaric qualities of the ancient Irish had been ruined by Christianity. He denounced the idea of forgiving one's enemy, and was voluble in exalting Tir-na-n'Og over heaven. But when he was stripped for prison garb the scapular was found around his neck; and when some of his comrades made him ill by putting something in his tea, he promptly sent for a priest!

Many of the Fenian leaders were men notable for scholarship as well as for that depth of patriotic feeling which requires expression in militant action. The sketches of these men as Devoy knew them make fascinating reading. No swashbuckling hero of romantic fiction ever had more adventurous lives than James J. O'Kelly, O'Donovan Rossa, Captain John McCafferty and others of these fighting men. Despite the evidence of the débâcle of 1867, it is made plain that Fenianism came very close to success. Arms were the need, and it was to America that Stephens looked for arms. When the inevitable vanities and personal ambitions split and palsied the American organization, Stephens completely lost the power of decisive action, and the opportunity was missed. Not until 1916 did it come again; and the chapters recounting, in authoritative fashion, the preliminaries of Easter Week, bring to a fitting close a book that is at once history, adventure, biography —and the autobiography of one who through a long life put aside human love, comfort, wealth and fame, to dedicate his life to Ireland. Perhaps its greatest quality is the entire absence of bitterness or any controversial note.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Symphonic Philosophy

Creative Understanding, by Count Keyserling. $5.00; The Recovery of Truth, by Count Keyserling. $5.00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ONE cannot hope to qualify as a well-read, up-to-date conversationalist unless one can quote glibly a phrase or two from Keyserling. He has a vogue in America today. It matters little whether you choose your quotations from The Travel Diary of a Philosopher, from The World in the Making, from America Set Free or from either of the two books under review here. In every case you will find an unlimited supply of sonorous passages from which you may make a judicious selection. The number of pages in Creative Understanding and The Recovery of Truth, together, totals 1,147, not including the thirty-five pages of prefaces. If you have read anything of Keyserling you will realize what wealth of sonority and pomposity that presages.

The contents of this voluminous work—for the two books are just separate volumes of the same work—range from metaphysics to psychoanalysis, over a territory of very disputable philosophy of history, to conclude with a profession of faith in the creed called optimism by which "man, reconverted to the masculine spirit, the 'Logos Spermatikos' within him, out of the spirit of the ultimate religious depth and with its powers to uplift his soul, yet personally centered in pure ethos, will achieve the perfection of the work, the performance of which is the whole and only meaning of his pilgrimage on the earth." (The Recovery of Truth.) I imagine that must be a very comforting religion but rather difficult to preach to the poor and unsophisticated, the ignorant and unlettered. However, it makes one feel better than the clearer but drearier pessimism of Spengler.

Of course the Count does not aim at being understood. "As an introduction to my public lectures," he says (Creative Understanding) "I generally ask my listeners on no account to assume the discussive attitude, on no account to begin thinking while listening. I ask them to pay as little attention to the contents and facts as such, but simply to let the intrinsic power of spiritual truth act upon them. I put the same request to my readers, this time, with this difference only, that I wish the book to be read in this way only, when taken up for the first time." In other words one must wait until the complete reading of the book has thoroughly befuddled the wits before trying to see through the bluff.

If philosophy is to become a popular pastime we may expect to get a crop of charlatans. A few years ago The Story of Philosophy was a best seller. Small wonder that its success tempted others to try their luck. But Mr. Durant is a staid and sober sage compared with the Wise Man of Darmstadt. The Count entertains no doubt of the importance of his birthday. He tells his readers as much in several keys within this symphony of thought. For instance: "Nobody can know what I stand for as a philosopher unless he has read The Ethical Problem, and The Religious Problem in The Recovery of Truth"—this from the introduction to Creative Understanding. Again: "Nobody will really understand The Recovery of Truth unless he has read Creative Understanding." You must buy both books or remain ignorant. Now, I know a man who has read all this—he even went so far as to reread several times the last chapter of self-revelation in The Recovery of Truth entitled My Own Belief—but he has not yet discovered what Keyserling stands for as a philosopher nor what significance attaches to either of the books in question.

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I have called this work a "symphony in thought." Lest I should be credited with coining this doubtfully apt epithet, I hasten to state that the Count's own words were my inspiration. This work, he says, "has its precursors only in music, but none in philosophic literature." In the first chapter "most of the leading tunes are sounded, almost every subsequent theme is touched upon, but none is worked out." Even the repetitions "have the significance of rhythmic recurrences of the same themes in music." Should the reader happen to belong to that esoteric group of listeners who can make head or tail of Stravinski or Scriabine, he (or she) will probably enjoy Keyserling. If he prefers the sweet reasonableness of the classics, he will not be likely to lend an appreciative ear to this impressionistic medley of philosophical vagaries.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Johnson and His Shadow

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell, by Harry Salpeter. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $3.50.

IT WAS during the first years of this present decade that Professor Chauncey Tinker published his Young Boswell. As the book of a scholar and a brilliant writer on eighteenth-century England, Young Boswell was influential in establishing a fresh estimate. Long ago Macaulay, pictorial but unjust, established Boswell as a boor and a fool. Macaulay's label has long stuck, though Boswell has been recognized as the greatest biographer in English. This essay in biography by Harry Salpeter is another contribution to Johnsonian writing which emphasizes Boswell's right to consideration as a personage of importance in his own right, and not merely as a reflector of the importance of others.

Apparently Professor Tinker's study of Boswell was a turning-point in the personal reputation of the man. Behind the writing of Young Boswell was a great deal of research, which resulted in Professor Tinker's tracing and finding the private papers of Boswell, lost for years. It is these papers, discovered in the possession of a distant relation of the Boswell family, which have furnished the material, the proof, that Boswell was more than Johnson's shadow. A further fact, not generally known, is that it is due to Professor Tinker's search that we now have the gorgeous new edition of Boswell's private papers printed by Ralph Isham. It is from the Malehyde edition that Mr. Salpeter has drawn much of the material which affords refreshing interest.

This new study of the relationship of Boswell and Johnson begins with Boswell patiently waiting for the doctor to visit Tom Davies's bookshop. Briefly, Mr. Salpeter reviews the high point of Johnson's life, with a nice use of anecdotes. As he develops the growing familiarity between the twenty-two-year-old Boswell and the almost elderly Johnson, he makes a prodigious effort to avoid the popular habit of drawing Boswell in caricature. With the new facts, he stresses the relationship of Boswell to Voltaire and Rousseau and the vast amount of writing which he is now discovered to have done besides the famous biography. The romantic sentiments of Boswell, whether toward elegant ladies or oppressed peoples, Mr. Salpeter has faithfully reported in engrossing detail. The candor of this recital of the relations of two eccentrics is equaled by the delicacy with which it has been written.

If there is any objection to be found in his account of two men who have remained ever fascinating—and about whom we know more than we do of our own grandparents—it rests on some too-enthusiastic generalizations. When Mr. Salpeter

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NEXT WEEK

The conversations between President Hoover and Premier Macdonald have centered the interest of a world struggling toward universal peace on the London conference on naval limitation. In A LOCARNO OF THE SEA, Adam Day discusses the problems which will be presented at the English capital and the underlying causes which will determine the attitudes of the participating nations. Mr. Day believes that the greatest problem of world affairs is that commonly known as the "freedom of the seas." . . . Father T. Lawrason Riggs, a member of The Commonweal editorial council and Chaplain of the Catholic Club in Yale University, reviews Hilaire Belloc's new book, SURVIVALS AND NEW ARRIVALS. Mr. Belloc has no compeer in his presentation of brilliant and nourishing thought about the Catholic Church and his present study of the various forces hostile to the Church is finely analyzed by Father Riggs. . . . The experiments of Pavlov have been bodily adopted by Dr. John B. Watson and his disciples to bolster up his own theory of Behaviorism. Frank B. Whalen in THE GLORIFIED AMOEBA, takes issue with the Watsonians and demonstrates the fallacy of the arguments derived from such a specious type of experimentation. . . . Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., in an article, THE WESTMINSTER VERSION, terms the new Catholic bible "a cosmopolitan enterprise, the character of which has been somewhat disguised by its local title." The new version is but another answer to the criticism that the Catholic Church discourages the reading of the Bible. . . . AN AMERICAN LUXEMBOURG is an apt description of the new home for exhibiting art which has not yet been sealed with the approval of several generations and so we find James W. Lane writing in commendation of the establishment of the new Museum of Modern Art which was recently opened in New York City. . . . In addition there will also be the usual departments of editorials, communications, the play, poetry and book reviews.

writes: "Without Boswell, we should be wondering by what accident, by what freak of chance, a man by the name of Samuel Johnson happens to be lying in Westminster Abbey," there is nothing to do but object. Doubtless Mr. Salpeter wants Boswell to receive his belated recognition. But this is overstatement. As the reputations of Dryden and Ben Jonson live on their position as literary dictators as well as on the quality of their work so Johnson without Boswell, would have lived—slightly dimmed, but a giant on the horizon of literary history. It is ridiculous to think of him as lost without Boswell. For there is evidence in the memoirs of Mrs. Thrale, Hannah More and The Club, with the opinions of Reynolds, Burke and Goldsmith, sufficient to make any reputation a living memory.

All in all, Mr. Salpeter has written an informative and pleasing book. It is illustrated with some of the less familiar pictures and the printing is a thing of joy. The format—probably the finest trade edition of the year—puts it among the most desirable of gift books.

EDWIN CLARK.

Adventure

East South East, by Frank Vigor Morley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN HIS East South East, Mr. Frank Vigor Morley has whipped up a strong breeze of adventure which stirs very refreshingly the fictional atmosphere grown heavy of late with introspection and analysis. We have crossed the Atlantic with so many bored heroes whose only idea of change consists in substituting a European café for an American speakeasy that it is both a relief and a pleasure to get aboard the Tropic Bird in Baltimore harbor and do thirty-five days of fairly dirty weather before the mast while the old 160-ton sailing vessel battles every inch of its way to dock in one of Liverpool's great marine basins.

Life at Liverpool and life at sea in 1806 spread from Mr. Morley's pen across his pages. One of the most striking passages in the book is the brutal impressment of sailors in a tavern; but the milder pursuits of a draper's apprentice in Liverpool at the same period are needed to round out the picture, and are given with equal enthusiasm. After the hero leaves England on a whaling trip, the book goes Treasure Island—and right good Treasure Island at that. There is mystery as well as adventure—buried-treasure mystery with maps and caves and tombs and smoke screens and the other paraphernalia of the best tradition. But for all the work's being primarily a breezy and fascinating tale, Mr. Morley writes so well and is so expert with the exact phrase for the exact picture that even the reader with little taste for adventure will not be likely to lay the book down before the end, because of his sheer enjoyment in the descriptive and narrative power of the writing.

On the whole, however, it would be both inappropriate and ungracious to criticize East South East as anything but a remarkably entertaining yarn of the sea, spun for that particular purpose and admirably fulfilling its intended function. It moves rapidly, and is full of stories within stories, told on deck and at the bar. The characters are the type that one wants in a "Yo-ho-ho-and-a-bottle-of-rum" novel. And there are some good salty names to call them by. Incidentally, the book will appeal to boys, and is one that supervising parents should be glad to hear of.

GLADYS GRAHAM.

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Briefer Mention

The Theatre, by Sheldon Cheney. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $10.00.

IN THE midst of spirited compendia, crammed with knowledge of one kind or another, there should be room for a bird's-eye view of the theatre. So at all events Mr. Cheney reasoned. His fairly ample book, which deals with "three thousand years of drama, acting and stagecraft" and has 204 illustrations, is a genuinely enthusiastic treatment of the subject. It can be read, and one does not doubt that the author prepared himself with considerable diligence for the task. Nevertheless the finer shades of dramatic history are so regularly ignored, and the nuances so invariably give way to broad strokes, that one reads with constantly renewed regret. This is not less true of the treatment of Shakespeare (which is really most ordinary) than in the discussion of liturgical drama (which is not up to date). While it may be unjust to expect that an outline written for popular consumption should possess the meticulous excellence of, let us say, Arnold's history of German drama, one does feel a genuine reluctance to endorse a book which remains content with lower standards. We are far from denying Mr. Cheney's value as an observer and commentator, but we do hope that American readers will not be wholly satisfied with his present volume.

Marco Polo, Junior, by Harry Franck. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

HARRY FRANCK'S name on a book is a guarantee that it will be interesting to anyone who has the wanderlust in his veins. Franck has traveled this globe over and up and down, as it is given to few individuals to travel it. As a vagabond he has seen more out-of-the-way places, and run into more unique adventures and experiences, than is even remotely possible to the tourist or self-styled globe-trotter. This being the case, and Franck being a writer, moreover, with a real ability to hold the reader, this book will be widely welcomed. It will appeal especially to parents who desire to satisfy their children's love of books of adventure and, at the same time, to teach them geography more adequately than it is usually taught at school. Franck has written the book so that it is interesting to both the boy and his father. There is none of the Little Rollo atmosphere in it. It is a straightforward story, told in authentic form, of China and the delightful adventures there found by the hero, Bobby Haworth. By all means give it to the children to read—and read it yourselves.

The Whirlwind: A Historical Romance, by William Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THERE is never a dull moment in the French Revolution. The Whirlwind is a romantic tale of "the best of times, the worst of times." Given an abducted maiden, some lettres de cachet, love (young and very noble) high aspirations and breathless escapes from Sainte Guillotine, it runs a dashing course. Mr. Davis knows his history and peoples his background with a generous grouping of personages: Louis XVI and the "Shepherdist," Madame Roland, St. Just with "the beauty of enameled steel," the thunderous avocat, Danton and that other avocat, the "sea-green, incorruptible" from Arras. Most pleasantly surprising of all to meet again is Mercury de Brézé, the master of ceremonies through so many of Carlyle's inimitable pages.

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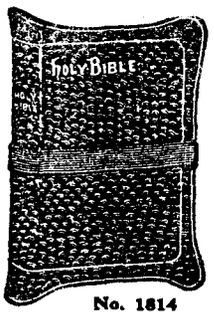

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A History of Greece, by Cyril E. Robinson. London: Methuen. $3.50.

THIS work is an attractive synthesis, embodying the results of the most recent research in the field of Greek history. It gives a convenient summary of the prehistoric period and emphasizes the importance of the Hellenistic civilization. Throughout the book due attention is given to social factors in the life of the Hellenic people. The volume will recommend itself to the general reader, to the preparatory school teacher and pupil, and to the younger scholar on account of its charming style, excellent summaries and useful maps. The photographs, both of monuments and scenes, are particularly well chosen. But the more mature scholar will hunt in vain for a modicum of accompanying documentation.

The Era of the French Revolution, by Louis R. Gottschalk. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $3.00.

STILL another useful text-book has been added to the growing series of general histories which bear the authoritative stamp of approval of Professor Shotwell. The present author, who is professor in the University of Chicago, rehearses the familiar story from the fall of the ancien régime through to Waterloo. Of course the only justification for such a volume is that it shall synthesize for the tired business man as well as for the busy scholar the very latest information, both source and secondary, available on all the topics covered. A perusal of the book and its bibliography leads one to realize that Professor Gottschalk has attained his purpose.

The Privacity Agent, by Bernard K. Sandwell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THESE humorous essays are often ironical, but never malicious. Mr. Sandwell writes of many things—for variety is the spice of life, but never at length—for brevity is the soul of wit. His best subjects are the International Poet, the Bibliothecary, and the possibilities in a privacity agent as opposed to a press agent.

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